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THE SPHERE, AUGUST 17, 1935
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THE SPHERE

Vol. CXLII
No. 1856
WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC
AUG. 17 1935

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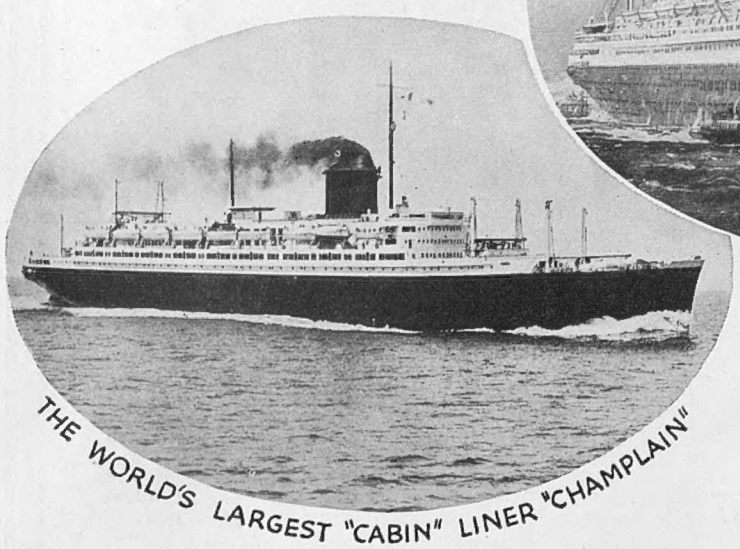

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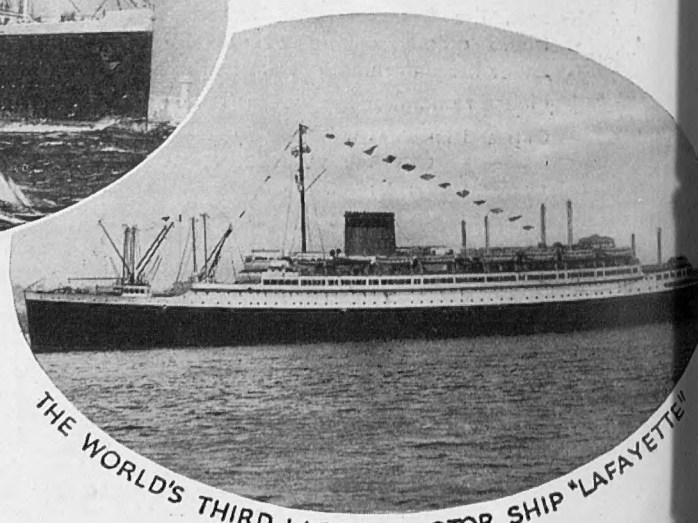

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Volume CXLII No. 1856

THE SPHERE
The Empire Illustrated Weekly
London, August 17, 1935

Big-Game of the Deep

Three Anglers with One of the First of the Season's Tunny Brought to Gaff Off the Yorkshire Coast

The tunny-fishing season is with us again, and enthusiastic anglers, who have enjoyed such excellent fishing in the North Sea during the past few years, are once more congregating in large numbers at Scarborough, the recognised headquarters of the sport. In this picture Miss Dorothy Hardy (*left*), daughter of the secretary of the British Tunny Club, is seen on board the yacht *Johanna* with Mr. J. W. Holgate, who had just succeeded in landing a good-sized fish weighing about 440 lb. The biggest catch so far this month has been one of 718 lb., made by Mr. N. Campbell, a guest of Colonel F. T. Peel aboard the yacht *St. George*, while Colonel Peel himself, who broke the British record last year with an 812-pounder, has had two, weighing 433 lb. and 407 lb. respectively

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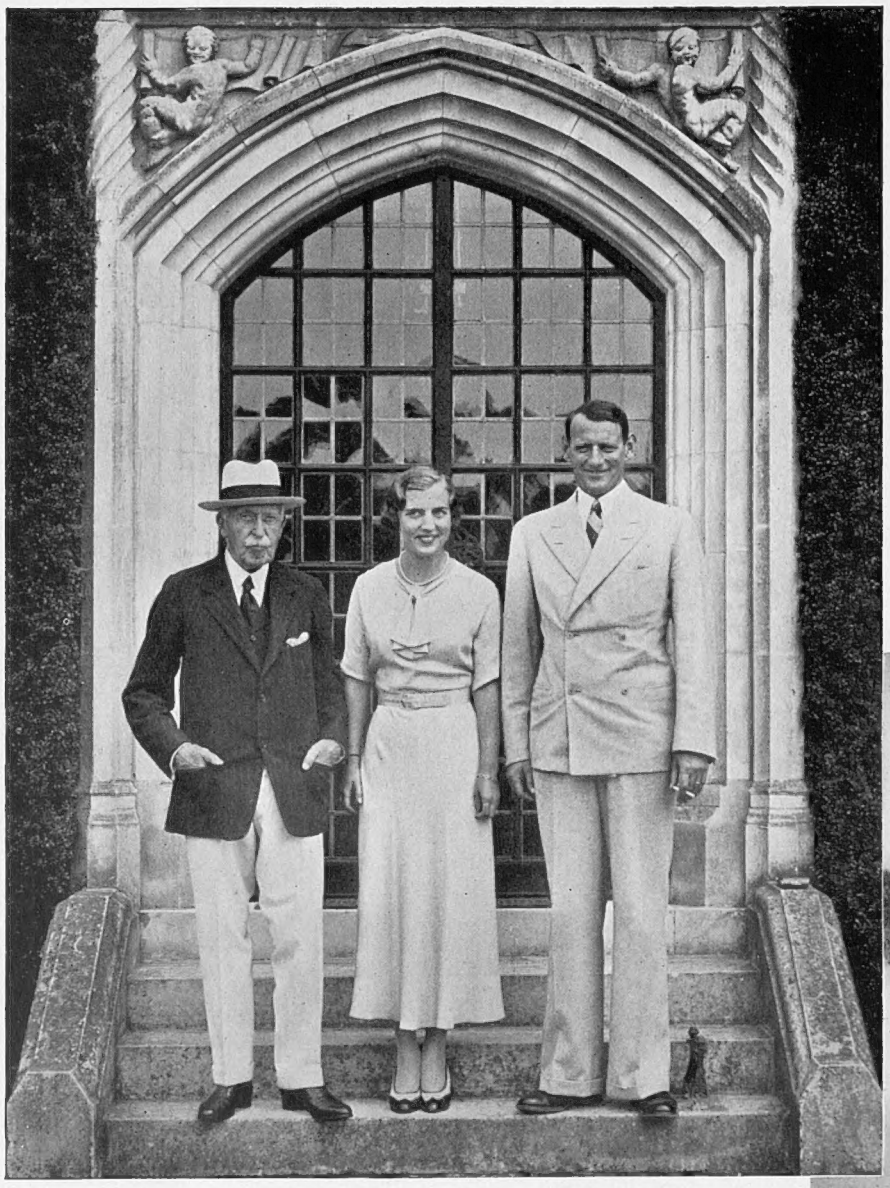


ROYAL VACATION: The Crown Prince and Crown Princess of Denmark, whose marriage was the great event of the season in Stockholm, are spending a short holiday in this country with the Duke of Connaught—the Princess's grandfather—and they are seen in this picture standing with their host outside his home at Bagshot Park, Surrey

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, August 14, 1935.

VICEROY-ELECT.—Lord Linlithgow, as widely expected, has been chosen to succeed Lord Willingdon as Viceroy of India. Rumour had it Lord Willingdon would extend his term beyond April, but it is not so, and the change at the normal time is obviously wise. These two men, the retiring and the elect, have probably more experience of India at the end and at the beginning of their terms than any of their predecessors. Lord Willingdon's experience of proconsulship is unique in its length and variety. Lord Linlithgow is "a mere boy." I find it impossible to believe he is younger than I. I don't say he doesn't look it. His extraordinarily mobile face is positively boyish, and he has a charming and disarming smile which suddenly transforms a face which is very serious and preoccupied in repose. No need to retell his practical experience of India. He studied Indian agriculture on the spot for two years, and he has acted throughout as chairman of the Select Committee, a choice which set a seal on his knowledge and experience. He has filled government posts and acted as chairman of half-a-dozen important commissions, and he has a wide experience of business as a director of big companies, including the Bank of Scotland and J. and P. Coats. He is head of the Hope family which comes from Lanark via Craighall, Fife, for I fancy the Hopes, Baronets of Craighall, are the elder branch. It is a widespread, far-flung race, that has intermarried with Howards, Veres, Fitzmaurices, Vanes, Macdonalds, and de Moleyns. Lord Linlithgow married a daughter of Sir Frederick Milner. She is no stranger to India. His brother, Lord Charles Hope, is a notable tennis and golf player and keenly interested in spiritualism. Thus, in the prime of life, a man largely responsible for the scope and detail of the India Bill, will go out to administer it on the spot and may be there long enough to prove the pudding by eating it. He will eat the pudding. Opponents of the Bill say he will eat his words also, and find them the more indigestible. Time will show.

CONDITIONS FAVOURABLE.—A General Election in August would be unthinkable. For if politicians and candidates would forgo their holidays the voters certainly would not. Otherwise—what more favourable occasion than now? For every condition on which Mr. Baldwin must settle the date for the coming decision of the electorate answers his requirements.

The European Situation.—There is a brief respite, for which Britain has acquired a fresh and considerable share of the kudos (except in the Italian Press). Three months hence—who knows?

Unemployment.—The figures show marked improvement and reveal a satisfactory decline, achieving something like a "record." It is in part due to seasonal causes and may not look so bright three months hence. Meanwhile National Government is justified in wearing the laurel crown.

The Clyde and the North East Coast shipyards all stand to benefit considerably from the Government shipbuilding programme. Government "stock" stands higher than of late (and so do armament shares); troubles at home and abroad appear temporarily staved off; opposition of all kinds is in holiday mood. What a pity we couldn't have got it over and gone on our holidays knowing where we stood for the next few years. But it could not be.

SEASONABLE FARE—BLOOD SPORTS, LITTER, AND GOLD BRICKS.—The Silly Season is proceeding according to plan, and all the usual features make their punctual appearance. At Taunton on the eve of the opening of the stag-hunting season the anti-blood sports leagues staged their protest meeting with the customary uproar and the bandying of hard words between the hunting folk and the leaguers. The Home Secretary's wife, Lady Simon, sent down a fiery cross in the form of a letter wishing more power to the elbows of the anti-blood sport leaguers. Time and hard work in the end influence public opinion to support almost any cause. The question of "blood sports" is too high and difficult for me. I am one of those illogical, irresolute, bloody-minded men who hope to go on killing innocent birds with a scatter-gun till they die—with this reservation that when I start hitting 'em in the tail and lose that forward swing I shall resign my favourite and bloody recreation. Time and propaganda have shewn their power in another field—the ugly field of litter. Not a doubt but the anti-litter campaign has shewn results. I was astonished and delighted to note that Hindhead and Putney Common and their satellites were more free of litter than at any time since the war after the August Bank Holiday. Here's encouraging proof of the power of suggestion at long last. The Strand and Soho are hot places in the dog-days, and some of their cavaliers of industry are hot also and work very hard. The gold-brick artists are always busy in the Silly Season, and in this business centuries of propaganda have given poor results. There are always to be found honest or greedy fools to be caught by those age-old tricks, the gold-brick, the wallet stuffed with notes, or the "Spanish prisoner." The gold-brick is a bar of base metal with a tip of richer metal from which an assay is taken. It reveals, say, 15 per cent. of gold, and then the honest fool assumes that the whole bar is equally rich and he pays the artist a high price for his brick which subsequently reveals a gold content of '001 over the rest of its substance. Et ego in Arcadia.

THE SPANISH PRISONER.—In my callow youth my father received a convincing example of the first Spanish prisoner letter. It told him of my grandparents' kindness to the prisoner and of the existence of a mine of Golconda richness named after my grandmother. It named the priest who would receive the necessary funds to release prisoner and future source of our vast wealth. I urged my father to send the trifling £100 to square Spanish justice. But that obstinate man put the letter at the back of the fire, having himself prosecuted several Spanish prisoners. So we are poor as a family still. Our Golconda remains untapped and I write for my belly-ful in a hot August. I was also caught (when old enough to know better) by the gold-brick artists. My fellow put up at the Ritz and did us well, as he passed the gold brick round and shewed us plans of his Canadian gold mine. He was very clever, and invented quite a new dodge. We sent out an independent assayer. Our artist travelled with him from Winnipeg to the mines, with a packet of new assaying bags. During the night our artist filed down into dust a British sovereign and blew the dust into the new, nicely-pressed bags. Then he handed over the new bags to our assayer and left him quite alone to take his samples whence he would. An independant assay showed a tremendously rich gold content. There was not a suspicion of doubt in the minds of any of the honest assayers concerned and we poured our money in. But I shall never be caught by the stuffed-wallet trick, because I have no great desire to persuade a stranger in a Strand Bar that I am a man of money.

A CHANGE OF SCENE FOR A QUEEN.—It so happens that last year I visited both the Hague and Lochearnhead, where the

A SUFFOLK FOREST FIRE: An overhead view of last week's blaze near Dunwich, which stroyed some 9,000 Corsican pine trees on one of the Forestry Commission's plantation the affected area, and holiday-makers staying in the neighbourhood assisted in t

Queen of Holland is now holidaying incognita. One could hardly imagine a more complete change of scene. Higher mountains—far higher—lie nearer to Holland than those loved hills she is now visiting. But for a contrast so complete in surroundings, circumstances, atmosphere, manner of life and thought, Lochearnhead is near enough. Here lies the country of the MacGregors—the Braes of Balquhidder start near by, and Rob Roy's grave is reached up a one-way track beside two lovely little lochs. He lies in the odour of sanctity among the unco' guid departed. The broad straight roads of Holland, the immense pancake horizons, the little bricks which compose the houses old and new, the windmills, the tidy, narrow canals, the scores of cyclists, the small stature of the men-folk, the snugness and the smugness, all these will contrast with the sights and scenes of James Balfour's flight in the heather, and afford the Queen an almost breath-taking series of new impressions. She has found her way, already, to Loch Katrine, which

before it could be quelled, de- Deep trenches were dug round work of beating out the flames

civilisation has not entirely tamed; she may see Loch Rannoch under Schiehallion, or Loch Tay and Aberfeldy, or she may go westward to Inverary and invade the lands of the Campbells, and perhaps meet the Duke of Argyll riding that homely machine so common in the narrow streets of the Hague.

THE SPIRITUAL ISSUE.

—Dick Sheppard has never pretended to high scholarship or profundity of thought. He lives and works among humble, simple folk, and comments on and investigates their problems with common sense and simplicity. If he be a sentimentalist, he is a common sense and practical sentimentalist. And he employs popular language to expound his views and give his advice. He has been touring the distressed areas, a black spot in a world sick with disillusionment. But he has returned without despair. Even to-day, he does not find it "awful to be a parson." For he found a rich and payable seam in the deserted coal-fields. The people there have come once more to realize that the problems before us are *spiritual*. He found that "scientific humanitarianism is dead and damned." Whatever the clumsy expression may mean, it was more scientific than humanitarian. Probably it meant a vainglorious pride in our scientific achievements so rank as to leave no room for doubt that science could do for us what Heaven had failed to do, give us hope, happiness, health, and a world planned on sane, sanitary, and sound lines. Science produced indeed the wireless box, the film, the aeroplane, the motor car complete with wireless, and other notable gadgets, but somehow lagged (like Heaven) in the delivery of the rest of the goods—happiness and hope and sanity. There has been too much science, too little humanity, too much advance, too little consolidation. Scientific humanitarianism (so-called), according to Dick Sheppard, "simply hasn't clicked." And now a sick world, he believes and I hope, is turning once more to religion in the attempt to make itself a "better, decenter, honester, less wangling world." May it click!

OLD STAGERS AND THE ARTS OF LEISURE.

—I hope the pen may still be in my hand ten years hence that I may employ it in glorifying the centenary of the Old Stagers and their Canterbury week festival. This year deserves a mention. It is no small achievement for a band of amateurs to have kept their traditions, continuity, and high standard of acting almost non-stop for ninety years of our chequered history. It is very much an hereditary affair. Freddy and Spencer Ponsonby, afterwards Lord Bessborough and Sir Spencer Ponsonby Fane, were two of the leading pioneers of the Old Stager movement ninety years ago. They were born actors, and devoted years of their lives to cricket and acting in the spacious days. They take one back straight into the heart of the age of Privilege and the great days of the Whigs. As little boys at Bessborough, they used to wake Mr. Creevey, that welcome guest, with a present of flowers, and Mr. Creevey is very ancient history. And the Ponsonbys are still to-day semi-professional amateur actors, and Sir Spencer's descendants still sustain leading roles in the Old Stagers' shows. Mr. Nigel and Mr. John de Grey (authors of the new-old epilogue review) are grandson and great-grandson of Sir Spencer. Mrs. de Grey is a granddaughter of Sir Spencer's sister. Colonel Hawkes, Mr. Alderson, and Mr. Fraser have grown grey in the service of the Old Stagers. The Harris family is a corner stone of Kent and Canterbury and cricket. Lady Crutchley is a necessary and welcome institution. And so on *ad lib*. As for the present Lord Bessborough and his son, Lord Duncannon, they carry on the family tradition for amateur acting and have carried the movement out to Canada, where amateur acting is to-day a very widespread fashionable recreation. As for Lord Ponsonby of Shulebrede, he is a consummate and finished actor and could even now make a fortune on the professional stage or in films. I also might have inherited their gift. But it was denied me. Behind the footlights I ever proved a hopeless dummy, shy, stupid, self-conscious, inept, unemployable unless as call-boy. But I am free to praise and free to comment on amateur acting and its popularity to-day. It does strike me as a curious anomaly that the arts and recreations of Leisurely Days seem to me to flourish just as well in the stress and strain and restless non-stop of our day as in the distant age when men stayed months on end in the same country house. More people than ever learn to ride, now that horses are dying out. Amateur theatricals—those master-killers of time—are rampant all over the Empire. The amateur gardener flourishes and yearly enlarges his scope. People spend longer hours and more and more money over the hoarding hobbies of leisurely days, collecting bric-a-brac, stamps, and so on. Instances hang on every bush. The truth is, we have not killed leisure. We have made more time.

CEREMONIAL AT HISTORIC GLAMIS: The Duchess of York, accompanied by the Duke and her two daughters, walking through the grounds of her father's home on Saturday last before presenting new colours to the 4th/5th Battalion of her native county regiment, the Black Watch. With the Royal party are two men carrying the King's colour and the regimental colour, which have been provided by subscriptions raised by the trades and guilds of Dundee and by the women of Angus

H.M.I.

—Times have changed since Board of Education inspectors could give free rein to their tongues and pens. It is unlikely that another best-seller like the Edwardian *H.M.I.* will ever be written or that inspectors from the Board will go about their duties with the light-hearted fluency that once they did. They will be deterred by the dreadful warning from Chortle-cum-Padlock, and will remember all too vividly the political power which little schoolgirls with a literary turn can exercise. H.M.I. has learned the lesson that silence is golden; that to inspect is a duty; to comment an expensive luxury. A storm in a teacup? A Silly Season episode? Yes and no. It is a fine example of the meaning of democratic government which transfers liberty from one class to another, rather than extends liberty of thought to all classes. Your Government official, like your model politician to-day, if he would hold down his job, must move warily indeed. If he has ideas, theories, or politics he must conceal them like a vice. He may and must use his tongue to inform the public exactly how the wheels go round, to take the public whom he serves "into his confidence," but in doing so he must be very careful so to choose his words as to tell them absolutely nothing, and to conceal his individual opinions as if they were crimes; and must remember that the "feelings" of the public under advanced democratic government, are far more delicate and vulnerable than were those of the Edwardian French governess, and that its methods of polite blackmail are infinitely more effective and terrible. Chortle-cum-Padlock.

THANKS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

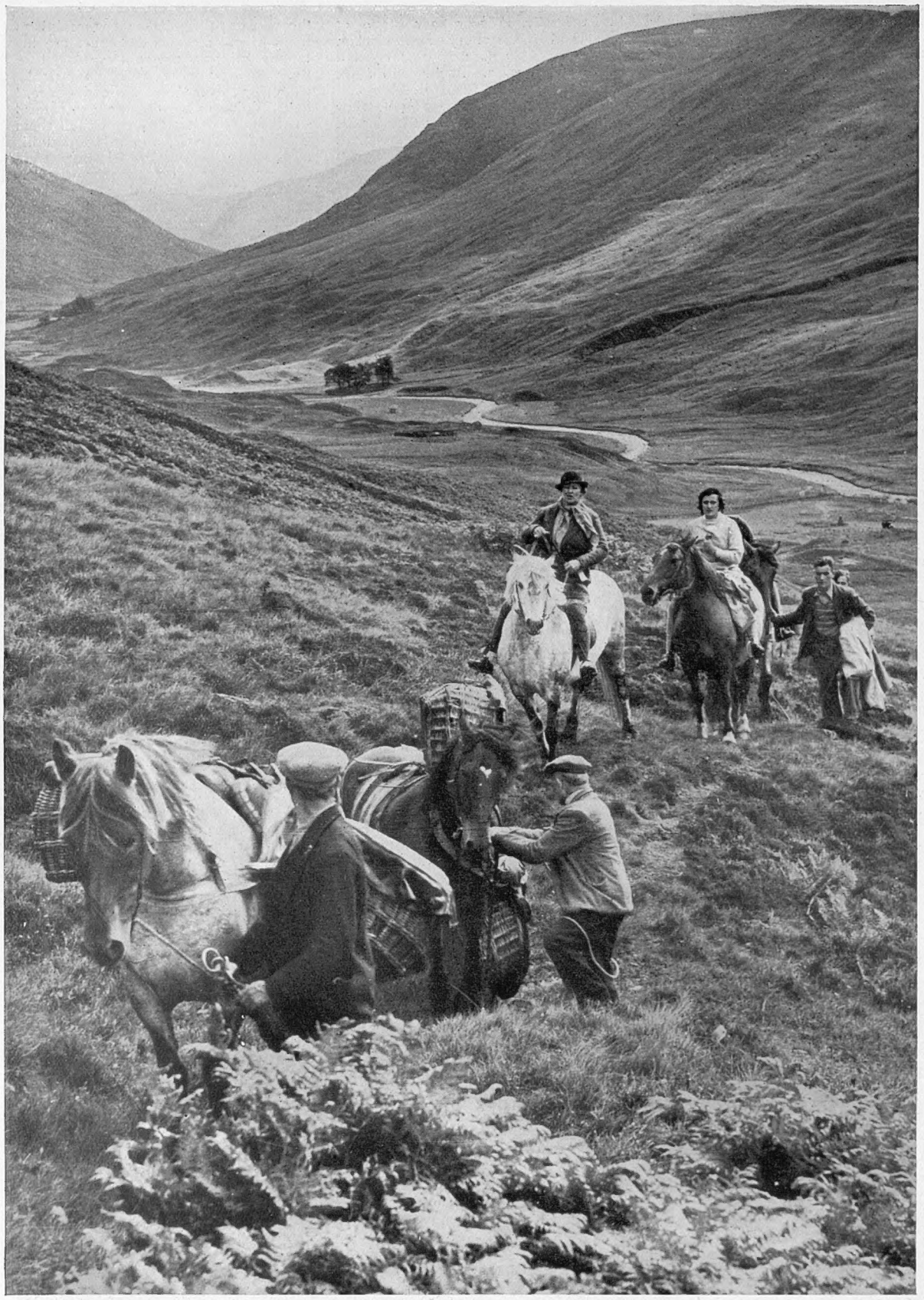
—I take this opportunity, before taking the road for a brief, if busman's, holiday to thank a number of correspondents for their kindly and appreciative letters, firstly, of the "Newsletter," which is my "pigeon," (and I like to be assured that it is not showing signs of moulting), and secondly of the high merits of THE SPHERE as a journal—and that is praise which I may and do endorse since it is no concern of mine. Correspondents have made (among other points of appreciation of THE SPHERE) the following: Its extraordinary hidden circulation. One correspondent shows how his copy passes through the hands of thirty careful readers. The merit of its pictures—especially animal and bird studies. Its Jubilee numbers this year. Its kaleidoscope of the world of to-day unfolded so wonderfully and instructively week after week. I make no doubt that those who are responsible for producing the paper will value these unsolicited testimonials.

HAND-REARED GROUSE.

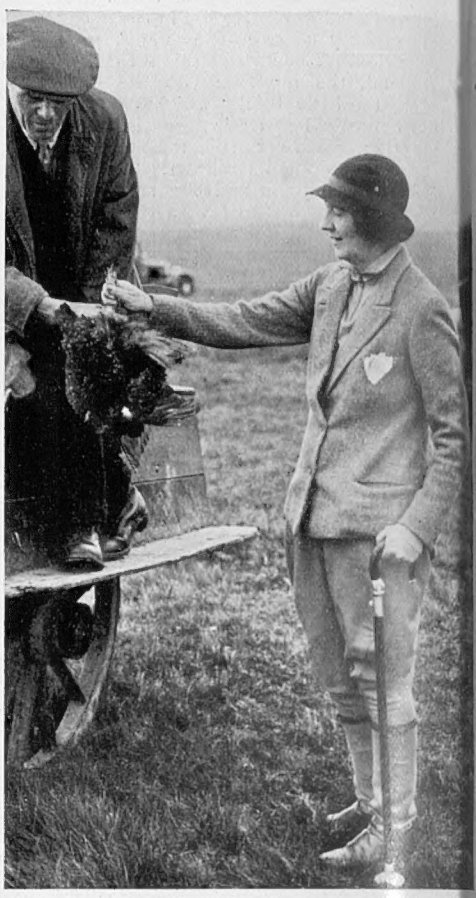
—For a number of years Lord Leconfield has been experimenting on his Cumberland estate with putting clutches of grouse-eggs under domestic broody hens. These experiments have given 100 per cent. successful results. During the war years lack of wise heather burning, and the depredations of unchecked vermin practically cleared this moor of its grouse stocks. The young grouse, when released from their foster mothers, have been introduced to the moor into an acre of heather, carefully wired against vermin. In due course they take wing from their reserve and cover the moor, to resume the normal existence of grouse—which is propagation and death from gunfire and natural causes. An interesting experiment and lead. THE OLD STAGER

AUGUST 12

The Opening of the Grouse-Shooting Season in Scotland and Yorkshire



EN ROUTE TO THE BUTTS: Members of the party halt while a pony's pannier is adjusted. A picture taken on the Auchnafell Moor, near Amulree, Perthshire, where Colonel Sir Albert Whitaker is shooting. *Below*—Mr. George Taylor, Sir William Nicholson (the host), Mr. Bradford, Mr. Kenneth Nicholson, General Sir John Goodwin, and Colonel Eric Tetley seen before starting out for their first day's sport on Summerstone Moor, Nidderdale, West Riding of Yorkshire



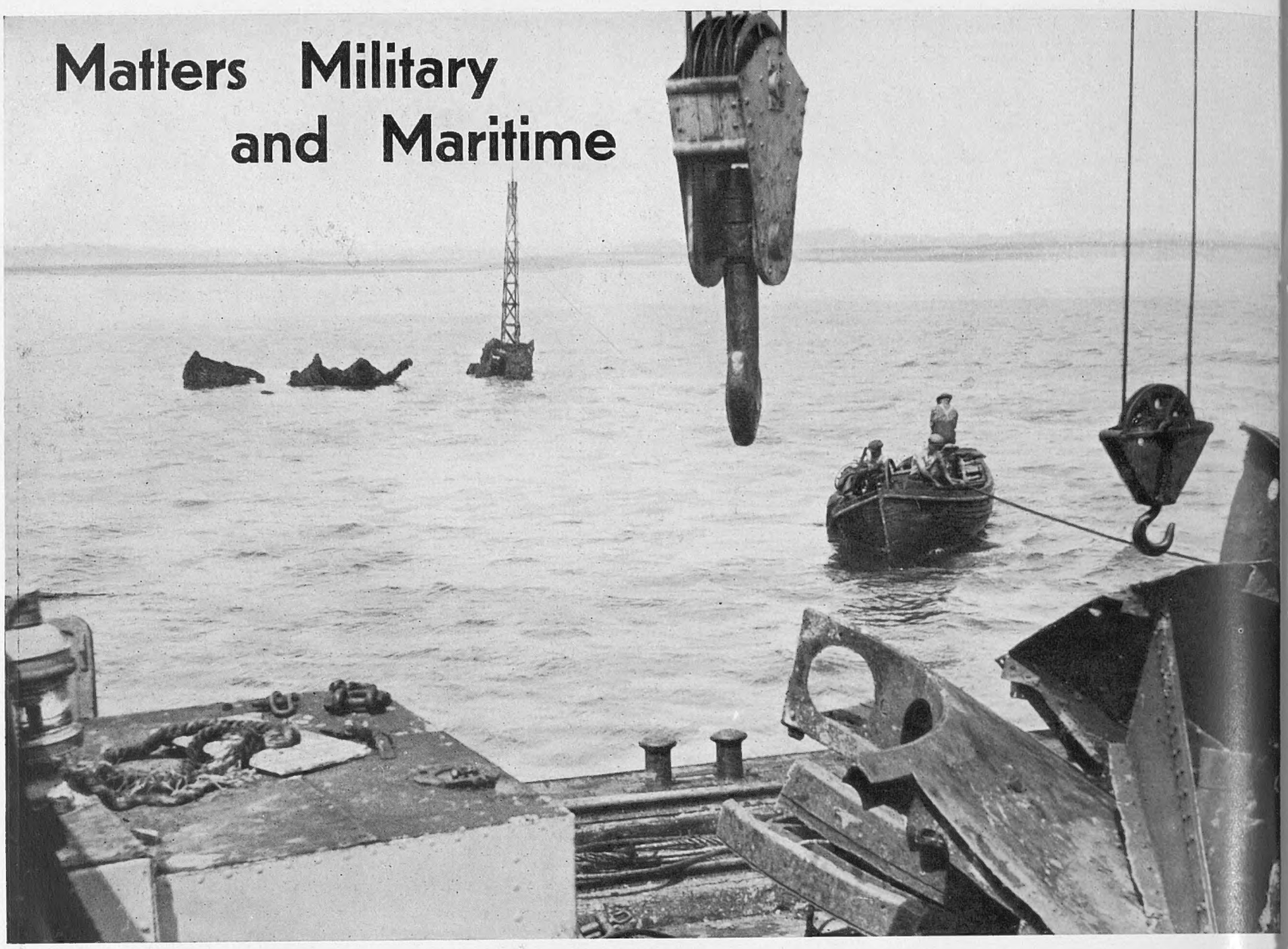
A BERWICKSHIRE SHOOT: The Countess of Lauderdale handing over the first brace of grouse brought down on the morning of August 12 at Blythe, near Lauder

Above—IN THE WEST RIDING: Mr. John Cunliffe-Lister firing on the moors near Swinton Park, Masham, the home of Sir Philip Cunliffe-Lister, the Secretary of State for Air. Among the members of this party was Major the Hon. G. C. Tryon, the Postmaster-General

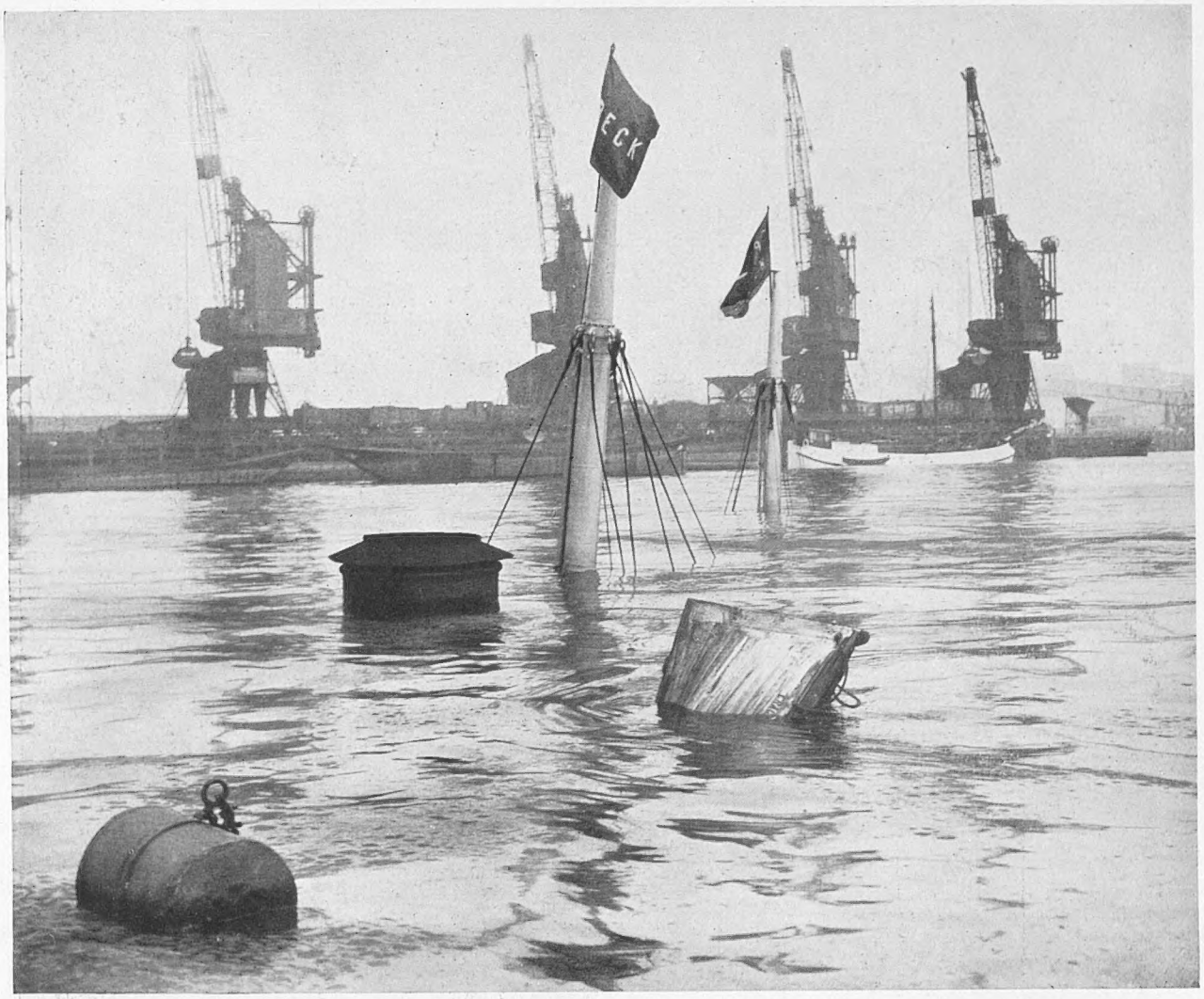
ON THE CENTRAL PERTHSHIRE MOORS: Loading a pack-horse with the bag at the end of the day's shoot at Riemore, where Colonel Sir Archibald Lyle is entertaining a party. Prospects for the season in this district are said to be fairly good, but owing to the severe snowstorm of last May young birds are not so plentiful as they might be. The recent drought, too, has driven some of the grouse from the level moors

On right—AT THE GATEWAY OF THE HIGHLANDS: Mr. Robin Lyle, a son of Colonel Sir Archibald Lyle, taking a shot from one of the butts at Riemore, Perthshire

Matters Military and Maritime

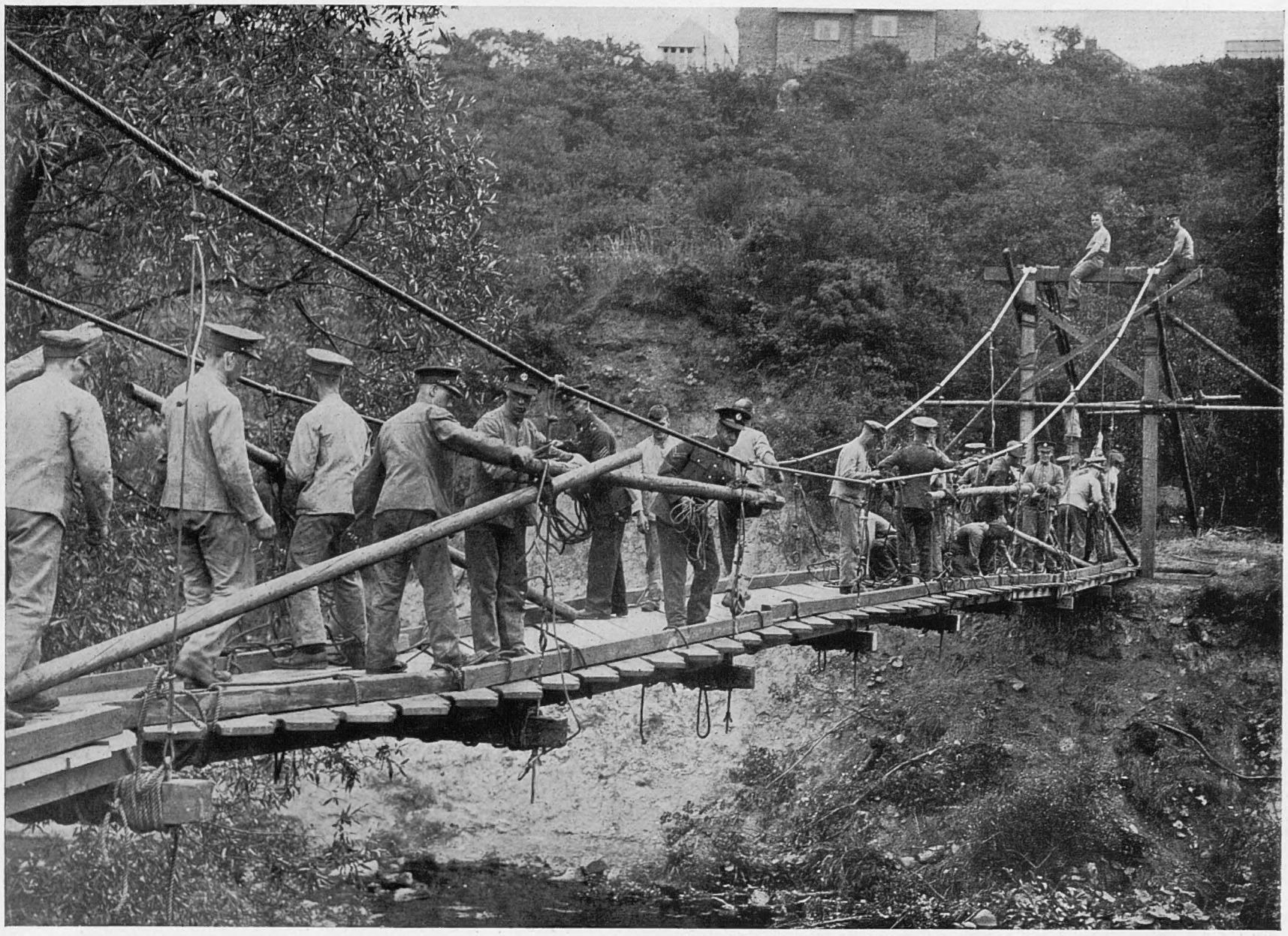


ECHO OF A WARTIME DISASTER: The scene in the River Medway, about five miles from Sheerness, where a firm known as Dover Industries, Ltd., is attempting to salvage the warship *Bulwark*, which exploded and sank there in November, 1914, with the loss of 781 lives. The work is expected to occupy two years, and operations are being conducted from the former monitor, *Humber*

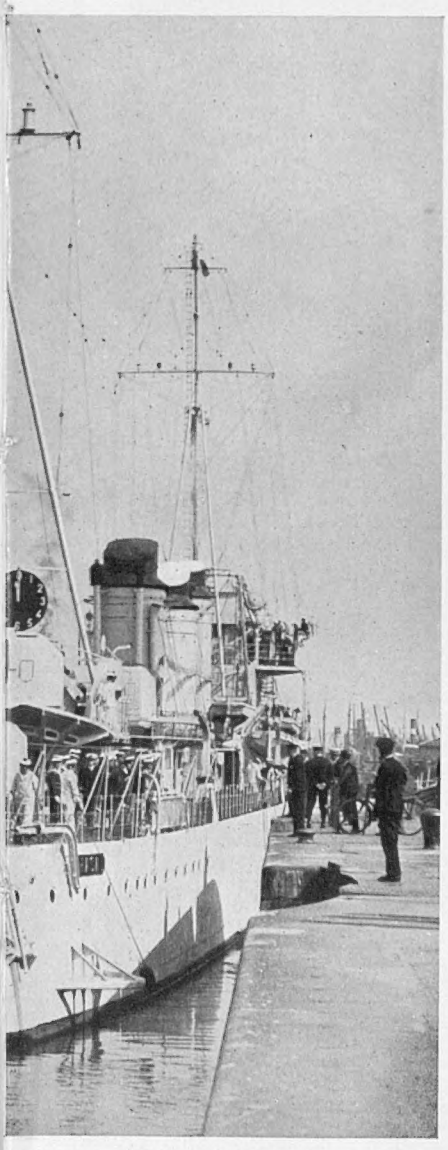


A TRAGEDY ON UNLUCKY GALLIONS REACH: The masts, the top of the funnel, and one of the lifeboats of the 460-ton British coastal steamer, *Cragside*, showing above the water after she had sunk in the Thames near Woolwich following a collision with the British India Steam Navigation Company's 9,000-ton liner, *Madura*. The *Cragside*, which was loaded with a cargo of iron and steel, went down within thirty seconds but the crew, numbering ten, were able to save themselves by jumping on to a barge that came alongside just a moment or two after the impact. A number of disasters have occurred on this reach of the river and it was there, on September 3, 1878, that the pleasure steamer, *Princess Alice*, sank with the loss of nearly seven hundred lives

FRENCH WARSHIPS IN SCOTTISH WATERS: panied by her sister ship *Leopard*, seen the start of her recent visit to Edin type of which France has built thirty proved so successful that more are over 2,000 tons, they carry five 5·1-in.



RIVER-CROSSING PRACTICE: Men of the 214th Field Company of the Royal Engineers who have been in camp at Burniston Road, Scarborough, building a suspension bridge over a tributary of the River Derwent during exercises on August 9. Two wooden posts were driven into each of the banks, and from these were suspended the wire ropes which, in turn supported the footway



The flotilla leader, *Chacal*, which was accom- as she was about to enter the docks at burgh. The vessels belong to a large, fast during the past ten years and which have now under construction. They are each of guns, and they can steam at cver 35 knots

TERRITORIALS IN TRAINING: Royal Engineers watching a demonstration of how to use high explosives during their fortnight's camp near Arundel, Sussex. *The Times* military correspondent, who visited this camp, paid a glowing tribute to the mens' keenness and efficiency and also praised them for their marching. "I saw one battalion on the march," he said, "and its appearance would not have pleased a drill-master. Yet, when one looked closer, there was a significant litheness in their loose style; it reminded one of how the free and easy gait of French infantry used to provoke, first, scorn at their slackness, and then reluctant admiration, when they showed that they could cover longer distances than our own troops and yet arrive fresher"

THE MARQUESS OF LINLITHGOW: A new portrait of Lord Willingdon's successor as Viceroy of India. The Marquess, who will enter on his new duties in April next, has had considerable practical experience of conditions in India having spent over two years in the country as Chairman of the Royal Commission on Indian Agriculture. In 1933 he became Chairman of the Joint Select Committee on Indian Constitutional Reform, and his firm but considerate conduct of the anxious business of the Committee won the admiration both of his fellow members and of the Indian delegates. The Viceroy-designate is forty-eight years old and will be the first Scot to hold this office since the appointment of Lord Minto in 1905. In his active career Lord Linlithgow has filled many posts with distinction. From 1922 to 1924 he was Civil Lord of the Admiralty; he has been a Vice-Chancellor of Edinburgh University, a President of the Navy League, and vice-chairman of the Conservative Party organization. In 1929 he went into business and is now a director of seven companies which include the Bank of Scotland, J. and P. Coats, Ltd., and the Scottish Widows' Fund and Life Assurance Society, Ltd.

The Viceroy-Designate

The Chairman of the Joint Select Committee Honoured

IN SMILING MOOD: The Marquess of Linlithgow (*right*) and his wife (*left*) who is a younger daughter of the Right Hon. Sir Frederick George Milner, P.C. They have five children, the eldest of whom, the Earl of Hopetoun, was born in 1912

The Return of the Capital Ship

Men-of-War which Cost Vast Sums to Maintain, but which the Nations Deem to be Essential to their Security

AT the present time the point that is most exercising the minds of naval authorities all over the world is the return of the Capital Ship, the most expensive type of man-of-war, with the exception of the air-craft carrier, in the world. After the war there were many authorities who declared that the capital ship was dead, but after every war there is a tendency to undue enthusiasm over the latest inventions, especially those which seem to give the young and dashing officer his greatest opportunity, and there is also a natural post-war reaction against excessive cost, and a desire for cheaper material. But after an interval there is always the same return to the basic principles of naval strategy; the new invention does not seem so terrible after all, its attainments drop into their proper proportions, antidotes are improved, and the navies which have paid too much attention to the interests of the junior men with small craft find themselves in difficulties over their senior officers.

That is why the adversaries of the capital ship seldom include a very large proportion of naval men for very long. An outstanding example to the contrary was, of course, Sir Percy Scott and his mythical midshipmen soon after the Armistice, but Scott was a disappointed man who had refused to recognise his age, and was bitter at being given little chances in the war, the successful conclusion of which had been in great measure due to his work in improving the gunnery of the fleet. The supporters who rallied round him with youthful enthusiasm have most of them outgrown that phase and have fallen into line with the great bulk of naval opinion.

After the late war the reaction was particularly pronounced because the "Fleet in Being"—as powerful a force to-day as it was when the term was invented—is a very difficult phrase for the layman to understand. It seemed to him that the capital ships of the Grand Fleet did very little but lie in Scapa Flow, with an occasional sweep through the war area carefully protected by destroyers and small craft. It was the blockade which really starved Germany into submission and the blockade was maintained principally by armed merchant cruisers and small craft. But a single German cruiser, properly designed for war purposes, could have sunk every armed merchantman in the Atlantic with little chance of serious damage to herself; it was the Grand Fleet at Scapa Flow which prevented this being done.

The term Capital Ship is a very elastic one. If the fleets of the world were limited to 10,000-ton Washington cruisers with the minimum of protection they would be the capital ships, but normally she is an armoured vessel capable of withstanding hard blows in a pitched battle, and as long as the navies of the world possess such ships they will remain the standard and the gold reserve of the Navy.

The United States and Japan remained faithful to the biggest type of capital ship and have never wavered, Japan making the greatest point of that class of ship when she denounced the 5 : 5 : 3 policy. Britain, although not so enthusiastic on the greatest size and cost, has always at heart remained faithful to the battleship. On the other hand, for some years after the war, French and Italian opinion seemed to be with the *jeune école*, the advocates of small craft, especially the junior officers, who saw in it the means of overcoming the handicap of late promotion which has always been the curse of those two fleets. They built big classes of flotilla leaders, destroyers, and submarines, and for a time practically all their battleships were paid off into the reserve, although these have recently been recommissioned and rejuvenated at great expense. It also appeared that Germany shared their opinion, for the mass of technical literature was almost unanimous, but it was mostly directly inspired from naval headquarters, and was always regarded with some suspicion.

In spite of this doubt, Germany's wholehearted return to the principles of the capital ship with their famous pocket battleships of the Deutschland class came as a bombshell, the more so as they had got more features into the displacement of 10,000 tons, to which they were limited by the Treaty of Versailles, than had ever been considered possible. By ingenious methods *Deutschland* and her sisters seemed to have been made far more powerful than any ship up to twice their size.

Deutschland cost £4,000,000 sterling, £400 a ton, which is the biggest price ever paid for an ordinary warship, but her features on a displacement of 10,000 tons were sufficient to make the French lay down a ship of 26,500 tons, *Dunkerque*, to counter her. Geared turbines of 100,000-s.h.p. are to give her a speed of 29½ knots and she is to have a radius of 7,500 miles at 15 knots. Her side armour is thick, over 8 ins. according to report, and she carries eight 13.4 in. guns in two quadruple turrets aggressively mounted forward, and backed by sixteen 5.2 in. and forty smaller pieces. Her design was decided upon only after infinite argument and discussion, and there are many who criticise it, maintaining among other things that the turret scheme is putting too many eggs into one basket, although French artillerists have every hope that they will maintain the same rate of fire as two very much heavier double turrets, and the most elaborate gunnery machinery is being installed for this purpose. A second ship of this design is now under construction and has been named *Strasbourg*, these ships costing about £5,000,000 in gold apiece.

As a counter to these two ships of 26,500 tons the Italians laid down in 1934 *Littorio* and *Vittorio Veneto* of nearly 35,000 tons apiece. It is very difficult to get any authentic details of these ships, for very soon after they were commenced a special law was passed to preserve naval secrecy, but it is generally thought that they are a little slower than *Dunkerque*, 28 knots, but with the most massive protection ever sent to sea and a main battery of eight 16-in. guns. As in all Italian ships very special attention is being paid to protection against air attack. These ships are to be ready by the end of 1937 and are to cost over £7,000,000 apiece.

Under the Treaty of London, which was supplementary to Washington, Britain, the United States, and Japan agreed not to lay down any new capital ships until 1937, no matter if they had the right to do so under their quota, in the hope that a subsequent naval discussion would take the limitation of armaments a step further. This idea has been torpedoed by Japan's action in demanding parity with the United States; Britain's proposal to reduce the maximum size of capital ships to 25,000 or even 22,000 tons has certainly been finished by the French and Italian action. Japan was willing to support the British suggestion at a price—she gets so much more on to a ton of displacement than any other country that she could well afford to do so—but the United States were adamant, very largely owing to the demands of the democracy to have the biggest ever before it is in the least impressed, and has all the plans ready to build two 35,000-ton ships in 1937.

In the meantime all the navies have been spending vast sums on modernising their existing big ships—nearly £3,000,000 apiece has been spent on some of the Americans—and by this means have not only permitted them to live out their longer lives as laid down by Treaty but have made them infinitely more powerful. By the beginning of 1936 Japan will have modernised every capital ship that she possesses, the United States all but a few of their newest, and Britain quite a number. The Italians have very completely reconstructed their four pre-war Dreadnoughts and have increased their speed from 21 to 25 knots.

The hopes of another naval limitation agreement, at least between Britain, Japan, and America, have not yet been entirely abandoned, but its prospects seem dim. In any circumstances it would appear to have little or no chance of putting an end to the gigantic and very expensive capital ship; all the Powers maintain that they must have them if any other Navy has, and at the present time nearly every Navy has set its heart on them.

Frank C. Bowen

DESCENT FROM THE HIGH PASTURES

A flock on its way down the Berwyn Hills for the annual "dipping"—a picturesque scene in a wild and beautiful part of North Wales. It is estimated that over 2,000,000 sheep will be dealt with in this region during the next few weeks, and the work will be carried out under the supervision of the Ministry of Agriculture

IN THE COOL OF THE EVENING

In dry weather such as this when water for the flocks is scarce, the dew ponds are an invaluable aid to the farmer. This delightful picture of such a watering place was taken near Winchester

DUNLOP
FORT "90"
MADE IN ENGLAND
DRC
90
C.F.H.

NEW HIGHWAYS IN EUROPE

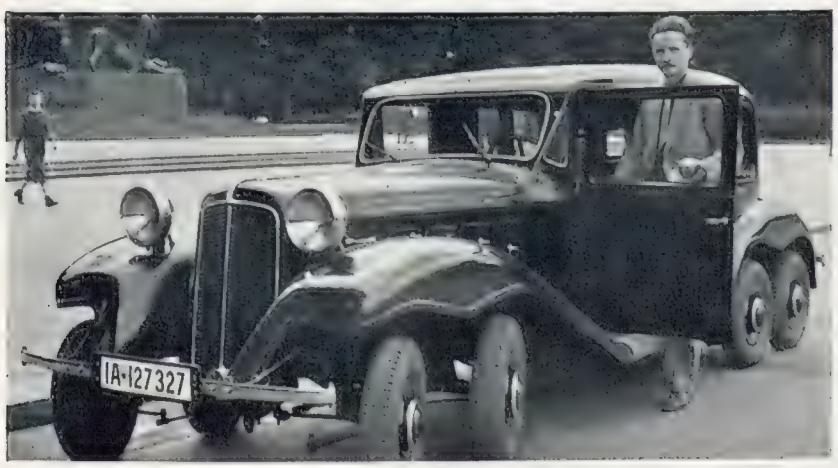
And Other Matters of Interest to Motorists

ON THE VIA ADRIATICA: A viaduct, with room for two cars abreast, built across marshy ground near Monopoli, in the province of Bari, to carry one of the many new State roads on which Signor Mussolini has of late been spending so much money and which are combining to make Italy an ideal motoring country

CUTTING THROUGH THE MOUNTAINS OF MIDDLE EUROPE: Government cars passing along the new road over the Grossglockner (12,450 ft.) after it had been opened recently by Herr Miklas, the Austrian President, to provide a link between the provinces of Carinthia and Upper Austria. It has taken five years to build, has cost about £1,000,000, and at one spot a tunnel over 300 yards long has had to be bored through the solid rock

REGINA VIARUM: A section of the celebrated Appian Way between Rome and Terracina, showing a giant rock hewn away to allow room for the road. This engineering feat is not new but dates from the year 313 B.C., when this highway was first constructed by Appius Claudius to connect Rome with the provinces of Southern Italy

THE ITALIAN RIVIERA COAST ROAD: A viaduct built to eliminate a dangerous hair-pin bend on the section of the Via Aurelia between Albenga and Cervo. This modern highway commands some delightful views of the Gulf of Genoa



A NOVELTY FROM BERLIN: Herr Gotthardt Rimmek, a German engineer, with the remarkable eight-wheeled car he has designed and which he claims is much smoother in running than any make on the market, and is particularly suitable for travelling over rough country. If there is a puncture it can continue on seven wheels

STATE ROAD No. 3: Two views of a portion of the Via Flaminia in Perugia showing it as it was a few years ago (*top*) and as it is to-day, now that it has been provided with a proper surface and with sturdy parapets. It has evidently not been found possible to eliminate the awkward S bend

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UNREST IN FRENCH NORTH AFRICA

The Present Economic Plight of Tunisia, Algeria, and Morocco

Three Colonies Dissatisfied with their Mode of Government

'NEATH THE BANNER OF THE PROPHET: Moors gathered in the streets of a town in Morocco on a religious feast-day. They are fanatical Muhammadans and ardent Nationalists, and of late many of them have been outspoken in denouncing the French authorities

By FERDINAND TUOHY

AT one moment, not many weeks ago, the French Government must have felt disposed discreetly to congratulate itself upon the likely success of a bold stroke of policy. By supporting Mussolini's Ethiopian ambitions there could be purchased a heading-off of long-standing Fascist irredentism in the direction of French North Africa—particularly Tunisia and the surrounding country "that was once the granary of Rome." Fascist effort would henceforward be deflected far away in another quarter. That this new orientation might not be favourable to British interests, involving, as it might do one day, East Africa, Egypt, and the Sudan, was a pity . . . *mais que voulez-vous?* England deserved a lesson, anyway, what with her naval arranging with Germany and her eternal slipperiness over the Covenant and Treaties, refusal to be pinned down.

That the Quai d'Orsay has since dropped some of its more obvious backing of the projected war of conquest on the Negus need scarcely be attributed to any special concern over African difficulties apt to beset this country as a result of French policy. We live in too grim times for any such display of solicitude. If the Laval Government reconsidered the pro-Mussolini policy it was adopting, it did so for several worthy reasons, accumulating and interacting until finally no option was left but to soft-pedal:—

(1). Crystallisation of world and especially American opinion. (2). Necessity of retaining Britain as the keystone of France's self-protection policy. (3). Wretched Italian finances and probable refusal of the French public to subscribe to Fascist loans. (4). Strong possibility of a Left Government assuming power in Paris in November or May, *i.e.*, a Government wholly turned away from Fascist campaigns and purposes. (5). Inability to avoid respecting the League Covenant upon which France has rested so much of her case and cause *vis-à-vis* Germany ever since 1919; warning of further Nazi liberties should the Covenant be manœuvred around or manipulated. (6). Weakening of Italy in Europe. (7). Likely repercussions of a slaughter of Ethiopians upon coloured peoples under white rule.

The French Government has currently such a load of domestic troubles to contend with that excuse may exist for its having in the first place given insufficient attention to the serious situation which might develop in Syria, Tunis, Algeria and Morocco (to go no farther afield) if the Republic became too closely identified with support of Mussolini's putting to fire and pillage of the coloured barbarians before him. French North Africa is already in an entirely restless state for a variety of reasons, religious, economic, political, administrative, and it behoves France to make no other false move if she intends to benefit in the future from the "pacification" by which she has assimilated these rich territories progressively during the past 100 years. Nevertheless it required some plain speaking by ourselves, which France was at liberty to apply to her own coloured problem and in the course of which certain "intelligence" reports were freely submitted to Monsieur Laval, before the more out-and-out pro-Mussolini policy was called off.

To-day it is realised in Paris that the greatest caution will need to be exercised towards Mussolini's African actions if native unrest along the French African littoral, from Gabès to Marrakech, is to be kept within bounds (I omit mandated Syria). Why it required clarification on our part to press this fact home, it is difficult to determine. For months past the grave state of affairs in French North Africa has not ceased to occupy the Cabinet, which set up a Mediterranean High Council in an attempt to grapple with things, and to provide grim "copy" for accredited special correspondents sent to investigate. These correspondents did not hesitate to write that respect for the French uniform had largely disappeared, that there had been open mutiny necessitating the withdrawal of native Algerian garrisons to France and their replacement by Senegalese battalions, that Jews had been massacred and police killed in the storming of barracks, that anti-French riots and meetings were the order of the day and, most surprising, that *Heil Hitler!* was quite a common cry. Correspondents further told of general rage (shared by the whites) with the Paris centralising regime, of native determination to be better represented in the governing bureaucracy, of rampant Communism due largely to economic collapse, of fervent popular surging towards some form of Islamic independence. And the French residents, MM. Peyrouton, Carde, and Ponsot, of Tunis, Algiers, and Rabat respectively, far from seeking to smother things, openly warned Paris that if North Africa were to be held a complete and profound change of policy and attitude would without delay have to be put into effect.

"We cannot keep these places," ran one report, "with batteries and battalions. A rapid return to Lyautey's generous-minded policy towards the native population is imperative. After his departure it was gradually dropped."

This referred to Morocco. A major French difficulty has to do with the divergence of regime. Morocco is a protectorate. Algeria consists of three French departments as tied to the Chamber of Deputies as any three departments of Normandy or the Nord. In Tunis the French enjoy a special privilege regime under treaty with the Bey. The writer has visited all three territories in latter years and it is not possible to treat their cases globally beyond saying that 16,000,000, including 3,000,000 Europeans, are being carried along to some new form of colonisation, dominion, or statehood. No use trying to patch up the present; French North Africa, if only by reason of its lightning development since the war and because France or "La Métropole" has such scant use for its products, is destined to radical change; what Paris may hope for, if she show adequate though tardy resilience, is to preside over the future mutations. But she will have to watch her step most warily. Even the *Temps* admits as much in the remarkable sentence: "Algeria can live if Paris does not kill it, if a reasonable and well-instructed France acts to save it, acts to save North Africa and herself by the effort which imposes itself from Tunis to Marrakech, from Agadir to Gabès."

The real question at issue, and one which the French must answer sooner or later, is the following: "We can pacify a country better than any others, but can we settle and colonise it?"

So far, in relation to North Africa, the answer would seem to be convincingly this: "We have used and developed these territories to provide us with raw materials and with man-power, also so that they might purchase from the home market and add to the coffers as to the prestige of the Republic, and furthermore give fat jobs permanently to an army of French officials. But have we paid any heed at all to the inevitable demands of more enlightened natives one day? Have we envisaged the slightest preparation towards some closer form of native participation in political and economic life as in that other world Empire, the British? We have not. We have taken too much from these places while giving too little—save copious draughts of the *Marseillaise!* We have not faced the future roundly or in any way. Instead we have permitted things to jolt forward from day to day, bureaucratic *laisser faire* at its worst, on the *tout s'arrangera* principle. Despite brilliant flashes, as in Morroco, we have been selfish, greedy, unseeing, inefficient, right down stupid in the discharge of government. All the military *éclat* does not hide this."

Severe indictment, yet strictly based on the facts.

Taking Tunis first, we find the worst economic plight of all existing among its 2,000,000 natives. While Tunis is a free market for French imports, the reverse is far from being the case: so much so, that when, some time ago, France introduced quota restrictions on Tunisian wine, the last blow was dealt at local agriculture which is now spoken of by the Resident as "not worth the amount of its indebtedness." The country is further referred to as being "on the brink of starvation." Most of the mines are closed, while oils, cereals, and wine are piled up endlessly in warehouses. As has sadly been admitted "the trouble is that Tunisia, Algeria, and Morocco are Mediterranean countries which produce practically the same commodities as France herself." And France takes good care, because she is forced to it, that North African products get nowhere. Alone the attitude of the winegrowers of the Midi compels this. It is they, 1,500,000 voters strong, who insist that excellent African wine shall be restricted beyond belief or else torn up or ploughed into the soil. As the American colonies were lost primarily over tea, so one day may these African lands be lost to France in first case over wine.

IMPERIALLY-MINDED FRANCE: This monument was erected in Algeria as "a permanent reminder of the French genius for colonisation"

Tunisians say to France, in as many words: "You came here fifty years ago to bring us the blessings of civilisation. For a long time it worked, and we went ahead from misery and want. But now you are no longer able to maintain that condition. We are no better off than when you came, perhaps worse. You have become useless. Once, we at least could rise in revolt. You stop our even doing that." The position is rendered more complicated by the presence of no fewer than 100,000 Italians in Tunis, nearly double the number of native-born French. The natives are

(Continued on p. 262)

NOTABLE HOLIDAY-MAKERS

The Duke and Duchess of Kent in Yugoslavia

REVISITING THE SCENE OF THEIR ROMANCE: *Left*—The Duke and Duchess of Kent leaving the station with their host, Prince Paul, the Chief Regent of Yugoslavia, when they arrived to spend a holiday at Lake Bohinj. *On right*—Members of Prince Paul's house-party about to go out for a row on the lake which is situated in the Slovenian Alps—one of the wildest and most beautiful parts of Northern Yugoslavia

UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE: Herr Hitler and some of his friends enjoying an impromptu concert provided by one of their servants on a weekend camping holiday

A GIFT FROM HIS AUNT AND UNCLE: Seven-year-old Prince Nicholas of Yugoslavia, the second son of Prince Paul, driving the toy motor car which has been given him by the Duke and Duchess of Kent

ROYAL VISITORS FROM THE CONTINENT: *Left*—The Crown Prince Frederick of Denmark and his wife, who before her marriage this year was Princess Ingrid of Sweden, seen at Harwich when on their way to Bagshot, Surrey, to spend a few days with the Duke of Connaught—the Princess's grandfather. *Right*—Queen Wilhelmina of Holland and her daughter, Princess Juliana (*second and third from left of picture*) posing for a photograph at St. Fillans, on the banks of Loch Earn, Perthshire, where they arrived last week for a short stay. Her Majesty, who is an accomplished artist, has been occupying much of her leisure painting the local scenery

FIRE ENGINE DE LUXE

Novel Features of the New All-Steel Motor Turntable Escape Built for the Hornsey Council

AN AID TO THE FIRE-FIGHTER: This powerful electric searchlight is part of the equipment of the motor turntable escape ladder, one of the most up-to-date in the country, recently built for the Hornsey Council by Messrs. Merryweather and Sons, of Greenwich

KEEPING IN TOUCH: The man on the left is receiving instructions through the loudspeaker telephone apparatus from a colleague at the top of the escape, and the man on the right is evidently acting on the instructions by making slight adjustments to the elevation of the ladders. *On right*—A general view of the new Hornsey engine which is similar to models recently constructed for Manchester, Cambridge, Exeter, Edinburgh, Ilford, and Wimbledon. A particularly notable feature is the fire pump, fitted in the centre of the chassis, which is capable of delivering four hundred gallons of water per minute at a pressure of one hundred and thirty pounds per square inch. This stream of water can be directed through the upper windows of a building from the head of the top ladder

MANŒUVRABILITY: Firemen on the all-steel ladder which is constructed in four sections and designed to reach a height of 85 ft. The turntable is arranged to rotate the ladders round a complete circle so that any window in a burning building can be reached without difficulty, and the various movements—elevation, extension, and rotation—are carried out by power from the 6-cylinder engine driving the car

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The New Elephant House in Use at Whipsnade

NEWS from the ZOOS

A Spacious Pool for the Polar Bears at Stockholm

THE APPEALING PROBOSCIS: The elephants at Whipsnade watched by visitors when they made their first appearance in their new quarters which they have helped to build. During hot weather they have a very plentiful supply of water, so a glass partition has been erected to prevent them from spraying their admirers

FREEDOM IN CAPTIVITY: Polar bears of Stockholm Zoo disporting themselves in a pool—their favourite haunt during the summer months

LAWRENCE AND "SEVEN PILLARS OF WISDOM"

His Immortal Tribute to his Friends and Comrades in the Arab Revolt

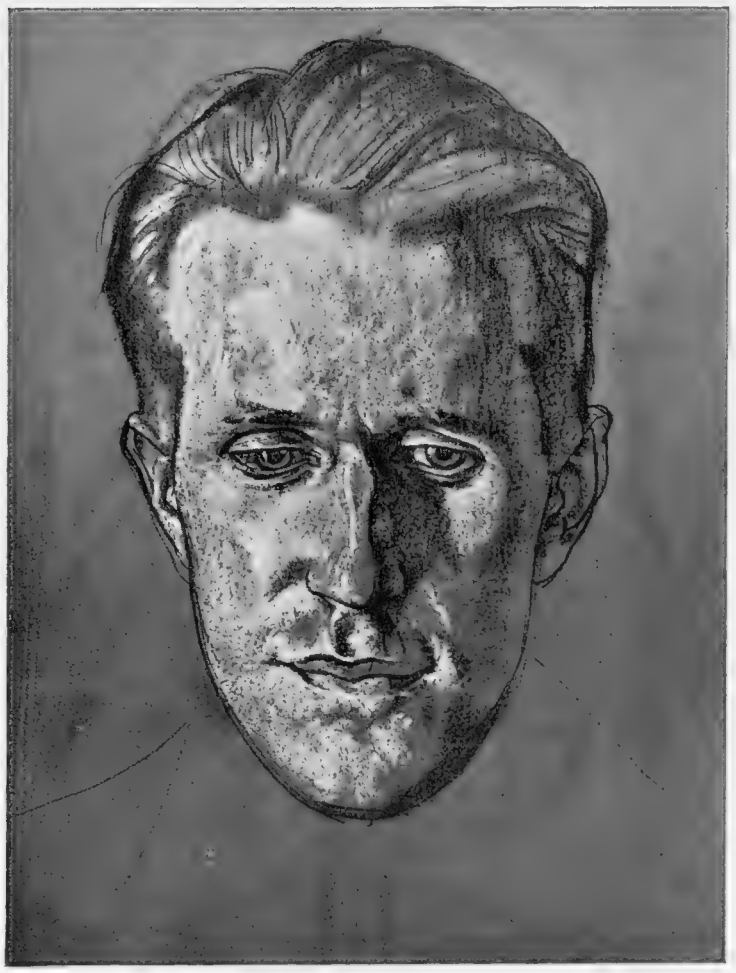
An Appreciation of the New Edition of his Book

By VERNON FANE

T. E. Lawrence's SEVEN PILLARS OF WISDOM (Jonathan Cape, 30s.) has at last been given to the world. It will, for its size and price, achieve an enormous circulation. By the 100,000, people will turn its pages seeking whatever light they may find upon the character of a man who became a legend.

In its pages they will find, rendered by an historian of no ordinary skill, an account of the destruction of one of the most important of the German objectives during the great war, a pan-Islamic revolt, aimed at the vitals of the British Empire. They will see how a handful of men, working in a small office in Cairo, were able to turn that particular dagger back upon those who were fashioning it, how the rebellion of the Sherif of Mecca was engendered, and, although "it aroused mixed feelings and made strong friends and strong enemies, amid whose clashing jealousies its affairs began to miscarry," how the Turk was ultimately defeated.

The mainspring of this revolt, the man whose understanding of them and their problems caused the Arabs to trust him, the man who also understood the tortuous cat-treading of British foreign policy, who could mediate between those "clashing jealousies," and the amateur whose military genius made triumph possible, was Lawrence. The war ended, and the victorious allies found it expedient to allow much of what had happened to remain shrouded by official secrecy. Lawrence retired from Arabia, and the fruits of his campaign were to be dissipated in a number of broken pledges and new pacts at Versailles and at Lausanne.



LAWRENCE OF ARABIA: A hitherto unpublished portrait by Eric Kennington, now in the possession of Captain B. H. Liddell-Hart, the military historian

Under the name of Ross, Lawrence sought to sink his identity as a private soldier, but not before he had written his own story ("it does not pretend to be impartial") pieced out of memory. The words are his. The first and original draft of nearly a quarter of a million words he lost on Reading station in 1919, an event which might have discouraged and even defeated a lesser man. This edition he printed privately in 1926. It was "so printed and assembled that nobody but myself knew how many copies were produced. I propose to keep this knowledge to myself." He did.

The *Revolt in the Desert* was released by the author for general circulation in order to pay for the printing of *Seven Pillars*. It was an abridgment made specially for this purpose. He hated the book and stopped its circulation as soon as his object was achieved.

Seven Pillars is Lawrence's immortal tribute (he *knew* it to be immortal) to his friends and comrades in the Arab revolt. Nothing, for him, was to be gained by its general release during his lifetime. He disliked and distrusted the limelight; his views upon public opinion were synonymous with Hazlitt's in that famous essay *On Living to Oneself*.

But the public, unable to get at the man, had created for itself, and in his place, a legend. For all his determination to efface himself, Lawrence was powerless in the face of his fame. Legends are more powerful than men.

So Private Ross of the Tank Corps was forced to abandon that haven, but he was fortunate in finding men of wisdom and understanding in the higher command of a new service. There he found peace, and, as he once told me, more happiness than he had ever known, in the identity of Aircraftsman T. E. Shaw.

I have said that *Seven Pillars* is an immortal work. Others have extolled the military genius revealed therein; others have weighed and analysed that rare quality of leadership, that deep understanding of fundamentals and the brilliant application of expediency to the achievement of a vital issue. All who run may read deep into the character of the author from this book. But they will not read everything. Nobly it supports the Lawrence of Arabia legend, but it reveals little of the enigma of T. E. Shaw. Unless one considers this passage:—

> "There was a craving to be famous; and a horror of being known to like being known. Contempt for my passion for distinction made me refuse every offered honour. I cherished my independence almost as did a Bedouin, but my impotence of vision showed me my shape best in painted pictures, and the oblique overheard remarks of others best taught me my created impression. The eagerness to overhear and oversee myself was my assault upon my own inviolate citadel."

Gregarious, a voluble, even garrulous talker, Lawrence was no natural ascetic, but imposed such a state upon himself with an inflexible self-discipline. Everything he touched he mastered, and having mastered, added something to it. Of such are the truly great.

There were several texts of this book, but, "by 1924 I had learnt my first lessons in writing, and was often able to combine two or three of my 1921 phrases into one." He wrote with a fastidious economy, always seeking the right tones for exact meaning. He was no stylist, blending the finer harmonies, but went to meaning by the most direct path. Of his later literary exercises perhaps his translation of the *Odyssey* (now to be generally published by the Oxford University Press) is the best example. Yet his finest prose work is contained in a diary he kept while in the Air Force, and which may never be seen in our lifetime.

So he wrote a great book, and, having written it, proceeded to give it physical shape and form, and in doing so showed a grasp of the essentials of typography and book-production which men take a lifetime to learn. Upon it he imposed theories of his own, some of which have since universally been adopted in book production. Bruce Rogers, one of the world's acknowledged typographical authorities, has printed a little pamphlet of Lawrence's letters to him, written during the production of the *Odyssey*. It is a very remarkable document.

As an aircraftsman he was engaged upon humble bench work connected with motor boats. Soon he became an authority on aqua-dynamics, not only revolutionizing design in relation to speed, but perfecting bomb-proof and unsinkable craft. His hobby was speed, and since his means were limited, he experimented with motor bicycles. Only a certain manufacturer can tell how much he revolutionized design in that direction.

Some day I hope that his constructive and always unobtrusive work in the Air Force may be written. Fortunately he had generous and sympathetic men to deal with, men who were as quietly and unobtrusively building, out of a fledgling service, an efficient and important arm. Aircraftsman Shaw was something more than a beloved and working comrade to the personnel, but they paid him the compliment of never treating him otherwise than as one of themselves. Perhaps it was not for nothing that he chose the most rapidly

(Continued on p. 262)

AFTER THE FIGHTING: Lawrence, in the interim period of 1921 (before he was called to the Colonial Office as Political Adviser on the Middle-East situation), during which time he was clearing up affairs in Arabia and finishing his book, *Seven Pillars of Wisdom*

LAWRENCE'S DAGGER of ornate Arabic design, which he carried with him throughout his campaigns in the desert, wearing it with the white robe and rich gold agal which became his habitual equipment. Lawrence finally gave it to Captain Temple Keeping, M.C.

By courtesy of Captain Liddell-Hart

THE "WHITE ARAB": "I could never pass for an Arab, but easily as some other native speaking Arabic," said Lawrence, whose understanding of the Arabs embraced not only their language but their manners, mentality, and spiritual ideals of justice and freedom

The Army's New Machine-Gun

First Pictures of the Bren which has been Selected to Supersede the Lewis Gun

PUTTING IT THROUGH ITS PACES: Men of the 4th Queen's Own Hussars experimenting at Aldershot with the Bren gun, which, after a series of exhaustive tests, has now been adopted by the British Army and is gradually going to supersede the Lewis gun. This new type weighs 21 lb., being very much lighter than the Lewis. It is gas operated, and fires about six hundred rounds a minute

LIGHTNESS AND COMPACTNESS: A picture showing how easily the Bren can be folded up and mounted on a pack horse. The N.C.O. on the left is carrying a model with the normal bipod support

THE Bren is a Czechoslovak gun manufactured in that country's national arsenal, but now that it has been adopted by the British Army it is also to be made in this country, arrangements having been completed to produce it at the Royal Small Arms Factory at Enfield. The Bren fires the same amount of rounds and the same ·303 bullets as the Lewis gun, but it is about 6½ lb. lighter and is said to be considerably more reliable, stoppages for "jams" being reduced to a minimum. One of its most outstanding advantages is that it can be fired either from a tripod, a bipod, or from the shoulder

A GUN TEAM WITH THE BREN

Men of the 4th Hussars with their horses carrying the new weapon

Transatlantic Air Lines

Some of the Elaborate Plans Now Being Made to Provide Regular Passenger Transport Services Between Europe and America

SIXTEEN years have passed since the North Atlantic was flown for the first time. During that period quite a number of successful air crossings have been made but they have all been more or less in the nature of stunt flights and, apart from educating the public to expect the eventual establishment of regular services, have done little or nothing towards putting transatlantic flight on a commercial basis.

For some time now there have been regular services across the South Atlantic. The German airship *Graf Zeppelin* has operated a successful service with mails and passengers during the summer months, and by her regularity has done much to soften the general prejudice against lighter-than-air craft. Germany has also operated a mail only service using flying boats. This service uses two depôt ships stationed at sea which refuel the machines and relaunch them by catapult to continue their journey. By these means a weekly service has been maintained and letters posted in London are scheduled to reach Pernambuco in three days, Rio de Janeiro, Monte Video and Buenos Aires in four, and Santiago, Chile, in seven days.

The French also have a weekly air mail service to South America. Until recently the stretch of ocean between the Cape Verde islands and Fernando de Noronha, 300 miles from the South American coast, was covered by fast despatch boats. Now on alternate weeks the whole route is covered by air, using flying boats or multi-engined land machines. When sufficient aircraft have been delivered, the despatch boats will be withdrawn. The schedule of the French all-air service is one day shorter than that of the German line.

During the last year or so a number of fast experimental flights has been made by land machines covering the whole distance by air, and mail has been brought from Santiago, Chile, to Paris in four days. It is to continue these experiments that the French Government has bought two De Havilland Comets.

Air services across the North Atlantic are an entirely different proposition. The much greater distances to be flown across the open sea, and the bad weather conditions which prevail along the direct route make the problem a difficult one from the commercial point of view.

Three different schemes are afoot towards the establishment of regular services. The Germans are building a great new airship, the *LZ 129*, which should be flying this autumn. It is proposed that she should operate a trial service across the North Atlantic on similar lines to that worked by the *Graf Zeppelin* over the South Atlantic.

She will be filled with helium non-inflammable gas and her engines will burn heavy oil so that the risk of fire, the bugbear of the airship, should be almost eliminated. It is claimed that she will be able to ride out the heaviest storms and alternatively will have sufficient range of action to circumnavigate any bad weather area. It has been proposed that in due course Germany should have two of these airships and the U.S.A. two more, and that with them a frequent transatlantic service should be run.

A BATTLESHIP OF THE SKIES: An interior view of the latest French night bomber, *Potez 54*, which is being tried out this year. Through the window in the background can be seen the spacious cockpit containing a quick-firing gun designed for warding off frontal attacks by enemy 'planes

TWO-WAY COMMUNICATION IN THE AIR: The autogiro in which experimental flights were made over London a short while ago by Scotland Yard in order to determine the value of this class of aircraft for traffic control was fitted, as this picture shows, with Marconi transmitting and receiving equipment to enable the observer to keep in touch with police officers on the ground. This wireless apparatus, which has been specially designed for lightness and compactness, fits neatly beneath the dashboard of the cockpit and, including batteries and all accessories, weighs only 70 lb. The morse key is strapped to the operator's leg

Another scheme under consideration is that of Imperial Airways in conjunction with Pan-American Airways. Imperial Airways are developing large flying boats for this scheme. The southern route from Portugal via the Azores will probably be used, for these islands provide a convenient refuelling point which greatly reduces the distance to be flown non-stop, and therefore the petrol load which must be carried, also, the weather along this route is usually good.

Pan-American Airways already have the basis of a transatlantic machine in the four-engined Sikorsky flying boat which carries thirty-two passengers at a cruising speed of 160 m.p.h. This boat has a range of 1,200 miles, but by reducing the passenger load this could be doubled.

There is also the big new American Martin flying boat which cruises at about the same speed. Its range with fifty passengers is 1,200 miles, with fourteen passengers and 2,000 lbs. of mail, 3,000 miles, and with mail only, 4,000 miles.

A completely revolutionary plan is to be tried out by Imperial Airways for transatlantic mail carrying, and the machines are now actually under construction at Rochester. The chief difficulty of obtaining long range, high speed flight is that of taking off with the heavy load of fuel which is required. This difficulty is to be solved by using a composite aircraft made up of two units, a flying boat and a fast seaplane. A lightly loaded flying boat has a heavily loaded high speed seaplane mounted on top of it. The two are locked together and with the combined power of both components the composite craft is expected to take off easily and reach the operating height of the small mail-carrying machine without difficulty. At that height the mail carrier, carrying full load of petrol and mail, will pull clear of the flying boat which will return to its base.

The main point is that the mail machine is then in the air with a heavier load than it could possibly lift off the water and will be able to proceed on its long journey at high speed. By the time it reaches its destination it will have consumed sufficient petrol to allow it to alight slowly and safely in the normal way.

Although a great deal of development remains to be done before regular services can be established the fact that Imperial Airways are pressing forward their plans shows that aircraft design has reached the stage when a transatlantic service can be regarded seriously.

(*Continued on p.* 264)

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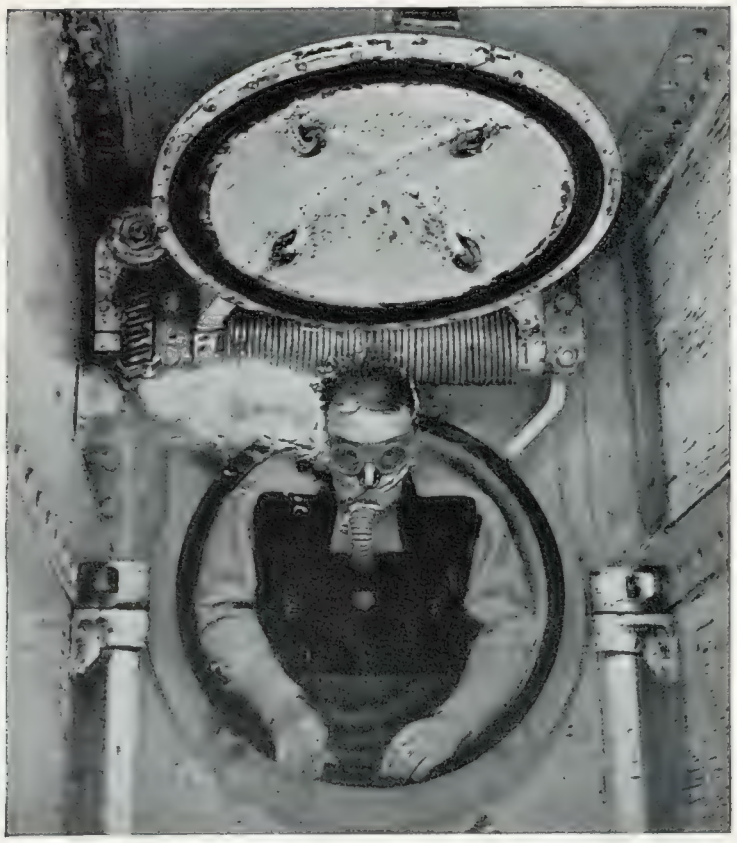
ESCAPING *from* SUBMARINES

Scenes at the Portsmouth Submarine Depot, where Men are Being Trained in the Use of Life-Saving Apparatus



A BID FOR LIFE: By using the escape chamber a man can reach the surface in about five minutes. He first enters the chamber wearing the Davis escape apparatus, he closes the watertight door connecting with the submarine, lets in water from the sea to a height sufficient to equalise the pressure, and then, after opening the upper hatch, gradually rises through it in the manner shewn in the above picture

PRACTICAL INSTRUCTION: *Left*—Lieut.-Commander F. L. Merriman with two of his pupils at the submarine depot at Portsmouth, where he is in charge of the apparatus which has been installed to demonstrate to officers and men the latest means of escape from a wrecked submarine. *Right*—A man wearing the special Davis equipment about to enter the escape chamber preparatory to rising to the surface of the tank

On right—SAFE AND SOUND: A man reaching the surface by using the instructional apparatus installed beneath a tank at the Portsmouth depot

. *Drawn by D. Macpherson*

HOW IT WORKS: This diagrammatic drawing gives an impression of the latest type of submarine life-saving apparatus, which is now being adopted on a large scale. In the top view can be seen the position of the escape chambers which are situated near the main bulkheads fore and aft, and rise from the floor of the ship to her outer casing, while in detail No. 1 a man is depicted at the moment of entering one of the locks. Detail 3 shows him rising to the surface after letting the sea water into the chamber to equalise the pressure, and thus make it possible to raise the hatch above his head. When each person has started his ascent to the surface the whole procedure begins again, the men remaining in the submarine first closing the hatch and draining the sea water from the chamber into the bilges

The Progress of

"QUEEN MARY"

Her Second Funnel Now in Position

The task of fitting-out the giant Cunard White Star liner is proceeding apace: already a second funnel has been put into position and, as this aerial view reveals, considerable progress has been made with the construction work on her upper decks. By next spring *Queen Mary* will be ready to leave her moorings and, acclaimed by vast throngs lining the banks of the river, she will go down the Clyde to run those first trials which will definitely prove whether or not she is capable of beating her friendly rival, *Normandie*, and of so regaining for Britain the much coveted Atlantic speed record. Full details have not as yet been disclosed regarding the decoration of the public rooms, but it is known that the Zinkeisen sisters and other prominent artists are having a hand in the work, and that no pains are being spared to produce a scheme worthy of this stately liner

AN UNEXPECTED DEVELOPMENT: Sir Thomas Grainger (Ronald Simpson, *left*) and Colonel Mason (Malcolm Keen, *right*) have been jokingly plying Sir Francis Dearden, K.C. (Godfrey Tearle, *centre*), with questions regarding his whereabouts at the time of a certain murder, and find to their amazement that the answers of the famous King's Counsel are not only unsatisfactory but give rise to grave suspicion. This is one of many dramatic episodes in *The Unguarded Hour*, Bernard Merivale's successful new play at Daly's

DRAMA

Frederick Lonsdale's First Play for Three Years: A Visit to "Tovarich": "A Midsummer Night's Dream" in Regent's Park

By PHILIP PAGE

FOR the time being dramatic happenings seem to be placed anywhere but in London, which has had to be content with Little Maud ("Jubilee Essay") Mason and the saxophonic wedding of a jazz-band conductor. One has visited—that is to say some did, but I did not—Salzburg for music, Stratford-upon-Avon for the Bard, Carnarvon for the bard-chairing and other delights of the Eisteddfod, Canterbury for the Old Stagers and amateur acting *de luxe* where all is socially *de rigueur*, and Blackpool for all the fun of the fair, with a starving ex-rector as the very epitome of the carnival spirit.

In a few weeks' time Moscow will be attracting the intelligentsia, for a band of devotees from the British Drama League, shepherded by Mr. Lewis Casson, will attend the Theatre Festival. There will be all sorts of fun, notably a play by Shaw *and* Shakespeare; for some odd Bolshevik has taken what he conceives to be the best parts of *Cæsar and Cleopatra* and *Antony and Cleopatra*, and has lumped them together into a perfect whole. This is a new form of the old game of play-making and play-taking, and might be pursued with amusement if not with profit.

Meanwhile, plans for the autumn season are interesting. It will be launched by a Shaw Festival in Seven Dials—at the Cambridge Theatre. The best news is that Mr. Frederick Lonsdale has completed his new comedy, in which Miss Edna Best will play the chief part.

This is Mr. Lonsdale's first play for three years; he does not believe in slap-dash work and is his own severest critic. He prunes, polishes, repolishes. He will throw a whole act into the fire as if it were a cigarette end and then write another one, possibly taking a month over it. Since his methods result in such plays as *On Approval*, *Aren't We All?*, and *The Last of Mrs. Cheyney*, they are surely justified.

The new Barrie play for Elisabeth Bergner is due sometime before Christmas at, I hear, His Majesty's Theatre. Barriesque-cum-Garboesque mystery still surrounds it.

"Tovarich."—I have just paid my first visit to *Tovarich* at the Lyric, for I was in—or at any rate on—the Pacific when it was produced.

Almost a great play, and beyond a doubt a brilliantly clever one. Mr. Robert Sherwood's version struck me as in a rather lighter and more satirical vein than the French original. It is obviously to the liking of the B.P. since, although the run has lasted some months, and the afternoon was hot and sunny, the theatre was packed.

The balance of sympathy is held very deftly between White Russia and Bolshevism. If one prefers the butler-prince and his wife to the odious Commissar (rendered all the more odious by that fine actor, Mr. Francis L. Sullivan, who revels in smiling, damnèd villains), one can at least see the latter's point of view, and understand the doctrine he preaches without necessarily agreeing with it. Sir Cedric Hardwicke is at his best as the Prince, and in his dressing-room afterwards told me that the public would never have tolerated the play if it had been utterly biased, and had Bolshevism been shown without a redeeming feature. I wonder.

Mlle Leontovich is an adorable creature who can turn fun to pathos in the twinkling of an eye. Mr. Allan Aynesworth blandly and most pleasantly brings back the atmosphere of the St. James's Theatre, *consule* Alexander; young John Buckmaster gives the best performance so far, in his short stage career; and Mr. Evelyn Roberts, who never does anything badly, does something better than usual as the perplexed husband.

"A Midsummer Night's Dream."—*The Dream* remains the best play for open-air Shakespeare enthusiasts, better even than *As You Like It*. Mr. Sydney Carroll's production in Regent's Park was a success in previous years and he was wise to revive it.

I note a complaint, that the bushes and greensward of the park are not much like Athens. Of course they are not. They need not be. Nor are the characters in the play Athenians or anything like Athenians. The immortals have no nationality—do immortals ever have any nationality?—and Bottom and Snug and Quince are, as Shakespeare knew full well, just his own Warwickshire rustics, and not so very different, I daresay, from the Warwickshire rustics of to-day—at least those who do not live too near Ye Olde Tudor Tea Roomes of Stratford-upon-Avon.

Miss Fay Compton's Titania was new to me and most pleasing. I never saw a better Ophelia and now she has come back again to Shakespeare after pantomime and a stage duchess at His Majesty's.

With great deference but honest conviction do I submit that Shakespeare's clowns are dull dogs and that the aforesaid Bottom, Snug, Quince and Co., are, as parts, as unfunny as unfunny can be. The greater credit therefore to Messrs. Robert Atkins, Lewis Casson, John Laurie, etc., for "getting away with it" so well. Mr. Leslie French was so poetical and so sprightly as Puck that he could obviously put a girdle round the Botanical Gardens in well under forty minutes.

Ballets revived.—The abnormally successful ballet season at Covent Garden is at last drawing to a close. These Russians came for weeks and have stayed, enthusiastically supported, for months. Verily "balletomanes" (to use the odd lingo of the enthusiasts) are on the increase.

One of the late revivals is *Choreartium*, the adaptation by Massine of Brahms's Fourth Symphony. Now I prefer to take my symphonies, unlike my whisky, quite neat. Dancers, splashing about like soda water, in symphonic music, particularly in symphonic music such as this, I find irritating. So far from taking my mind off an exceptionally poor orchestral performance, the dancing, superb as it was in itself, added to my general discomfort.

But from the point of view of choreography the ingenuity of the thing is amazing. This surely marks the peak of what can be done by dance-expression. To look for absolute meaning in it would be waste of time, for it is not there. We can appreciate the loveliness of the sight and leave it at that. I would make one exception to that loveliness—the last movement. The appearance of a lot of young gentlemen dressed as Hamlet pirouetting on each of the eight notes of the great "Passacaglia" was merely ludicrous.

The Good-humoured Ladies is in much lighter mood, just as Scarlatti is lighter than Brahms. As a ballet it is infinitely better than *Choreartium*, just because it is a ballet, and a perfect one at that, and not a jumbled, if clever, attempt to achieve the impossible. There is a frivolous little story, half Hogarth, half Casanova in flavour, and plenty of comedy of a type. I do not think the eighteenth century was so unsophisticated as that, but we need not worry.

Mlle Danilova danced exquisitely. She has a supreme and delicious sense of fun which does not clash with her position and her dignity as *prima ballerina assoluta*.

SHOWS TO SEE

DRURY LANE: Ivor Novello and Mary Ellis in *Glamorous Night*.

DUCHESS: Emlyn Williams in his own play *Night Must Fall*. Also starring May Whitty.

HAYMARKET: Flora Robson and Oscar Homolka in *Close Quarters*.

NEW: John Gielgud in *Noah*.

CRITERION: Marie Ney in *This Desirable Residence*.

BEHIND THE SCENES AT HIS MAJESTY'S: Frances Day (*left*), the musical comedy star, and Lady Poulett (better known as Oriel Ross) chatting with Maurice Schwartz after a performance of *Yoshe Kalb*, the play with which the Yiddish Art Theatre Company of America have scored such a triumph

AFTER WATTEAU

Owen Nares (*second from right*) and Gitta Alpar (*second from left*), the charming Hungarian actress, as they appear in one of the striking tableaux in the screen version of the musical comedy, *The Dubarry*, which has recently been completed at Elstree by B.I.P. under the direction of Marcel Varnel. Each tableau represents a picture by Watteau, and the example shown here is devised from his famous painting, "The Music Party," which now hangs in the Wallace Collection

DEVIL DOGS OF THE AIR

James Cagney as Thomas Jefferson O'Toole and Margaret Lindsay as Betty Roberts in *Devil Dogs of the Air*—a Cosmopolitan picture depicting life at a U.S. Marine Training School, which was well received when presented recently at the Regal, Marble Arch. The theme is conventional, but some of the stunt flying scenes are breath-taking in their realism

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In the best romantic tradition the tea gown on the right is made in cherry coloured satin, softly draped at the neck and shirred on the shoulders, with the train spreading fan wise from a point at the back. The chiffon coat has a shirred yoke and a graceful hood drapery, the new wing sleeves following the lines of its classic folds. It can be copied in any satin at Marshall and Snelgrove of Oxford Street, London, W., where other satin models may be obtained from 7½ guineas

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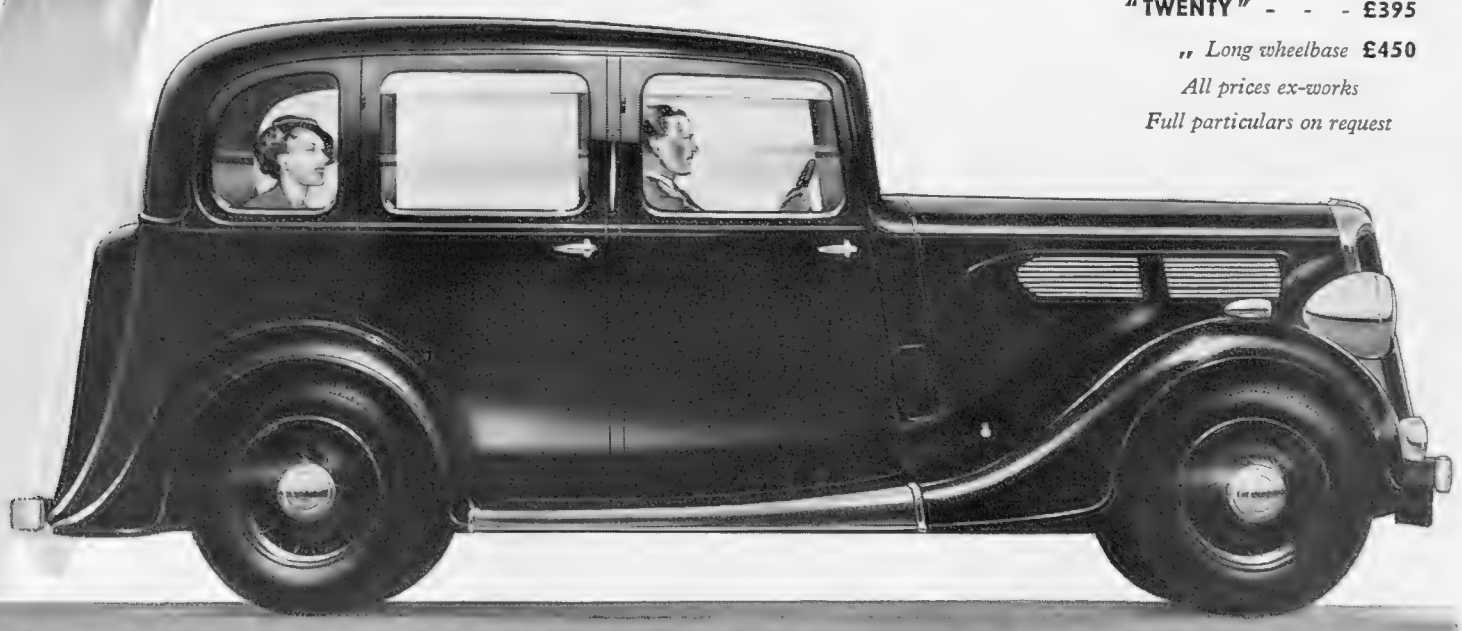

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UNREST IN FRENCH NORTH AFRICA

(Continued from p. 240)

assembled round what is now known as the neo-Destour movement which demands an end of the "French puppet" Bey and "Tunisia for the Tunisians!" in which cry, be it said, join quite a number of French colonists, as enraged as any others at France's refusal of preference, or a Custom's Union, to her North African possessions.

In Algeria things are pretty well at a standstill, too, yet one would be inclined to label the central trouble here as political in texture. Algeria is not even under the same Minister, in Paris, as its two neighbours. It comes insanely under the Home Office, its all-important Prefects reporting direct to the Place Beauvau. Here we get this vital piece of Africa still at the mercy of mad French party politics—a cork in the waters of that sorry mess. But what drives Algeria wild is that whereas she ranks as an integral part of France, her produce—notably her wine—is subject to restrictions which none in France would tolerate for a second. It is in this kind of thing that Paris has so grievously erred, as also in the virtual exclusion from Government posts of educated Algerians. Everything is in the hands of 900,000 French-born *colons* who, incidentally, are not a bit happy either. Many of these would disconnect from "La Métropole," even as next door in Tunisia. There is a growing feeling that North Africa must become a political and economic entity on its own, while giving some form of allegiance to the Republic—on a par with the case of the British Dominions vis-à-vis Britain. Needless to say the natives go further. In Algeria the Pan-Islam banner is raised on high, its standard-bearer, a young doctor named Ben Djelloul, who began by preaching purity and strength, and then passed on to enrolling 200,000 unemployed. The doctor likens North Africa to the United States—madly developed by capitalism to a point of collapse, and now nobody with a penny to buy anything.

Ben Djelloul is now quite powerful; he has once already organised all the mayors of Algeria into a movement of civil disobedience against the French authorities.

Passing to Morocco, the situation alters again. A recently subdued protectorate, Morocco is not economically tied to France's apron-strings. She need not purchase French goods regardless of their price, while getting nothing in return. But the French are seeking to amend the Treaty of Algeciras which conferred this boon. And meanwhile Morocco is in almost as bad a mess as its neighbours. After being terrifically overproduced by French consortiums, its wheat, wine, and phosphates are to-day being kept right under artificially; in the sequel, Casablanca, which grew from 50,000 to 500,000 inhabitants in the post-war years, is a relatively silent port. Morocco, like the others, enjoys no speck of preference with the "Métropole" which could buy much more from North Africa if it didn't import so freely from foreign nations.

Probably most dissatisfaction in Morocco centres on the administrative side: French *paperasse* at its worst, endless functionaries as parasites—over 50 per cent. of the budget goes to their support! And when the Governor-General wishes to modify their numbers or pay, they march out on strike, French officials, thereby giving a pretty example to the natives.

In particular, in Morocco, would any onslaught on the Negus reverberate. Not only are the Moors much of a common blood and religion with the Abyssinians, but they remember Krim; remember how, if the French won, they had to pay dearly. One hears a good deal of Krim these days, while the green banner of the Prophet is ever to the fore in manifestations, meetings, agitation against the protecting Power. The younger and less illiterate Moors are leaguing themselves into a kind of nationalist-fascist youth movement, all wearing the fez, and looking apparently more to Cairo, now, than to Kemal, for the sign of Pan-Islam awakening.

As with Ben Djelloul, the Moorish nationalists demand the parliamentary vote, equality of military service (the natives do two years), global naturalisation and all manner of social improvement for the masses.

Perhaps enough has been said to show that this is hardly the moment for France to run the risk of incurring further native wrath in Africa where her northern possessions are, without exaggeration of any kind, already in a state of highly dangerous smouldering unrest, in no small part due—and this renders the position more inflammable still—to France's own shortcomings in the paramount job of colonising, as distinct from pacifying, the rich and vital territories that came her way.

THEIR FAVOURITE WEEKLY: A snapshot taken on a Sunday afternoon in a mining camp in South Kavirondo, British East Africa, and sent to us by an enthusiastic reader of "The Sphere." In his letter he refers to the great popularity of the paper which is eagerly awaited every mail day in this outpost of Empire

LAWRENCE and "SEVEN PILLARS OF WISDOM"

(Continued from p. 252)

developing, and potentially most important of the services for his retirement. If he desired above all things to be left alone, deliberately seeking monastic seclusion, he was also a man of action.

But he knew that some day he would have to discard his blue uniform and leave for ever the happy daily contact with the men he loved. With a little money he had collected from his translations and other literary work he bought a tiny cottage in Dorset where he planned to live his future life, and work in what seclusion civilian life could afford. He had plans, and at times even suggested that his real work had not yet begun.

If I have strayed a long way from the book under review it is because it is apparent that the apotheosis of the Lawrence of Arabia legend can look after itself. The legend may be more powerful than the man, but the man was infinitely greater. No one of ordinary intelligence could be in his presence for more than a minute without realising that here was a born leader, a vital personality destined, not only to command, but to create. *The Seven Pillars* is the record of but one small sum of his achievements. If mass opinion were not always distrustful of genius, and men in power and position not primarily engaged in preserving what they have within their limitations, such a man as Lawrence could be honoured for what he did, and not for what men supposed he did.

He died at the closing of a chapter of his own life: the kind of retirement he was facing was something he had avoided for many years. Let the legend live; the man is an irreparable loss.

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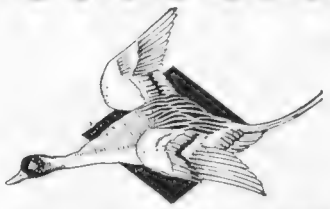

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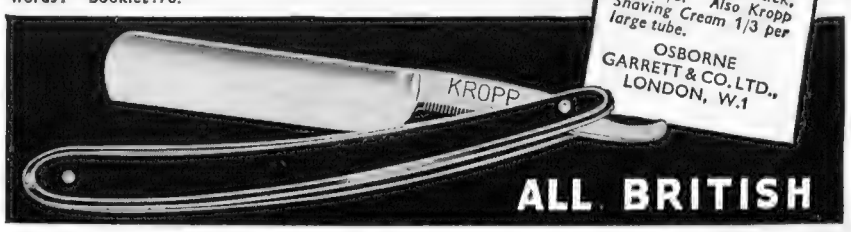

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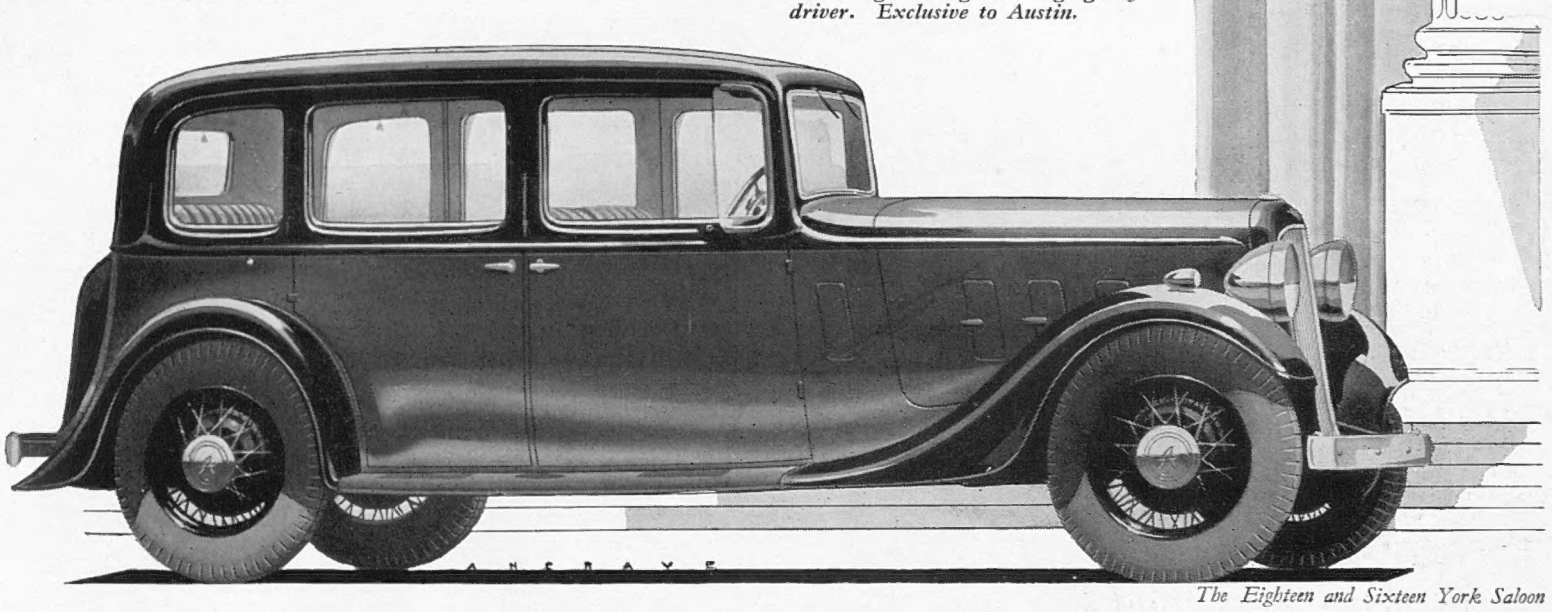
- *Ample head and leg room, in addition to most comfortable seating within the wheelbase.*
- *Real leather upholstery and adjustable seats designed for anatomically correct support.*
- *Combined luggage carrier and spare wheel compartment on closed models. No dirty spare wheel to disfigure the car. Cleaning simplified.*
- *Engine mounted on rubber.*
- *4-speeds with Synchromesh on second, third and fourth for easy, silent changing.*
- *Deep U-section frame, scientifically cross-braced.*
- *Hayes Self-Selector Transmission, abolishing all gear-changing by driver. Exclusive to Austin.*



The Eighteen and Sixteen York Saloon

AUSTIN PRICES *Effective August 13th*

TWENTY 6-*cyl.*		23.5-h.p.
Mayfair Limousine		£650
Mayfair Landaulet		£650
†**EIGHTEEN & SIXTEEN** 6-*cyl.*	18-h.p.	16-h.p.
Westminster Saloon	£348	£338
*Chalfont Saloon with division	£338	£328
*York Saloon	£328	£318
Hertford Saloon	£318	£298
TWELVE-SIX 6-*cyl.*	15.9-h.p.	13.9-h.p.
Ascot Saloon	£235	£225
Ascot Fixed-Head Saloon	£215	£205
Kempton Sports Saloon	£305	£295
Open Road Tourer	£215	£205
Eton Two-Seater	£215	£205

LIGHT TWELVE-FOUR 4-*cyl.*	11.9-h.p.
Ascot Saloon	£208
Ascot Fixed-Head Saloon	£188
Open Road Tourer	£188
Eton Two-Seater	£188
TEN-FOUR 4-*cyl.*	9.996-h.p.
Colwyn Cabriolet	£178
Lichfield Saloon	£175
Lichfield Fixed-Head Saloon	£158
Ripley Sports Tourer	£215
Open Road Tourer	£158
Clifton Two-Seater	£158

SEVEN 4-*cyl.*	7.8-h.p.
Pearl Cabriolet	£128
Ruby Saloon	£125
Ruby Fixed-Head Saloon	£118
Open Road Tourer	£112
Two-Seater	£102.10
Nippy Sports Two-Seater	£142

These prices are for standard colours at works. *Occasional Seats £7.10.0 extra. †With Hayes Self-Selector Transmission £50 extra.

The Austin range, in which the refinements and improvements described above are embodied, may be seen at Austin Dealers' showrooms. Make a point of visiting these showrooms, and examine the cars for yourself.

BUY A CAR MADE IN THE UNITED KINGDOM

The Austin Motor Company Limited, Birmingham and 479 Oxford Street, London. London Service Depots: 12, 16 and 20 h.p. Holland Park, W.11. 7 and 10 h.p. North Row, W.1: Export Department: Birmingham.

TACTICS AND STRATEGY AT COWES

(Continued from p. 249)

"Break out your jib topsail," orders the captain.

So far we appear to be well placed; no other craft are disturbingly near on our weather (windward) side.

No, not so good, for there is one away on our lee bow that may cut us out at the line. Both are close-hauled on opposite tacks, and if we cannot draw clear ahead of her she can claim right of way, thus "putting us about."

"Fifteen seconds to go!"

The gap between the two is closing rapidly.

"You'll never clear her, captain," somebody is shouting, rather anxiously it seems.

But our skipper is loth to lose position, until he is obliged.

"Ten seconds to go"——"Nine"——"Eight."

"Ready, about," shouts our skipper, swinging the wheel round; and in an instant we are in the midst of activity: "In mainsheet." "Take a turn there." "Slack away that jibsheet." "Hurry up with that preventer." "Get that staysail in harder." And so it goes.

Above the clatter of gear and sails and many voices, the timekeeper can be heard calling: "seven"—"six"—"five"—"four"—"three"—"You're over too soon, captain," says the timekeeper. But our skipper takes a sight along the line and shakes his head. "two"—"one."

The Race Flag is falling from the signal yard on the committee boat, and a puff of smoke shows that the starting gun has gone.

We are off on a measured course of about 36 miles, the first leg being almost dead in the wind's eye.

A smother of creamy foam is racing along our lee decks, and she is singing aloft with the wind in her rigging.

Our skipper calls for "another inch on that mainsheet."

Crew and guests leap to find a handhold on the sheet, now as taut as a bar of iron.

Slowly the mainboom comes in.

At length, a signal from the skipper and the sheet is belayed. "All heads down," the captain calls again.

For we are sailing partly against the wind and anyone sitting up on deck offers more resistance to the yacht's progress.

A shout from the bows: "Boat crossing right ahead, Sir."

The skipper stoops to get a sight under the mainboom.

"Bear away a point, Sir," calls the look-out.

Our helmsman nods in reply, but makes no effort yet to change his course.

"Bear away a point, Sir, or you'll cut them down."

Suddenly, the wheel is wrenched round a spoke or two, and we sweep past a boatload of sightseers only a few yards away.

A neck and neck race so far. However, we are being badly blanketed by our close neighbour.

But her sails also flutter at times and appear to loose the breeze, and we know from this sign that she is feeling a strong backwind from our canvas.

D.D. HONORIS CAUSA: Mr. Gordon Selfridge handing Mr. John Armstrong the Quigley Silver Plaque for June 1935. This is a monthly award made by the Editor-in-Chief of the *Motion Picture Herald* for the best example of cinema showmanship in any part of the world, and Mr. Armstrong has received this honour in recognition of his brilliant campaign for the film *Lives of a Bengal Lancer*

Now and then our bow swings away a little off the course. Our skipper is trying to go "through her lee."

A hard thing to do when two craft are so nearly equal.

Slowly she draws ahead.

Suddenly and without giving any sign of his intentions, our skipper throws his weight on the wheel and our bows swing across the stern of the other craft almost within grazing distance.

But the other knows well that this luffing manœuvre may be attempted, and without losing a moment, he follows suit. Both craft are now shooting almost head to wind, each helmsman doing his utmost to keep speed on.

But the advantage is still with our opponent, and we fill away on the other tack, our relative positions unaltered.

TRANSATLANTIC AIR LINERS

(Continued from p. 254)

The Air Ministry has for some time now been very actively investigating the whole question of transatlantic services in conjunction with the Government scheme for Empire air-mail expansion.

A yet more striking scheme has been devised in America though it is yet not nearly so far advanced as the others. The Seadrome Ocean Dock Corporation proposes to build a number of seadromes, or floating landing platforms which will be anchored at intervals across the Atlantic and upon which machines will land for fuel. Thus it will be possible to make the crossing in short stages and it will be unnecessary to sacrifice pay load for the petrol required on long flights.

The scheme is revolutionary and ambitious, and has aroused great interest on both sides of the Atlantic. It may be doubted, in view of the battering which even the largest liners receive in Atlantic storms, whether a seadrome will be able to fulfil the claims made for it and be able to ride out the worst storms undamaged. The promoters claim that the special design of deep water buoyancy tanks and streamlined supporting pillars will prevent even the largest waves having any effect, and apparently model tests have fully supported this claim.

It has taken sixteen years of aviation development since the first Atlantic flight, for serious consideration of regular services to become practicable. It will be at least two or three years more before any of the present schemes can be brought into regular operation, but there is not the least doubt that within the next ten years transatlantic air lines will be as much commonplace as any of the overland long-distance air services are to-day.

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

The Committee wish readers of THE SPHERE to realise that the Society has no connection with any other Institution bearing the name of "Shaftesbury," and further that they do not employ any door to door collectors. 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London. W.C.2.

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TRAVEL NOTES of the WEEK

Answers to Enquirers

S., India (France and Switzerland).—Your best plan would be to travel from Marseilles to Nice and thence, via Turin and the Loetschberg Tunnel to Spiez on Lake Thun, and from there via Paris to London, the whole journey costing about £10, with 2nd class travel. You could travel from Marseilles to Nice by motor coach, the fare being only slightly more than the 2nd class rail fare. The trip takes about ten hours and is most enjoyable for the scenery along the whole of the coast is very lovely. You would, of course, register all heavy baggage through from Marseilles to London. There are several places in the Kander Valley where you might stay, such as Kandersteg itself, or Frutigen. However, in early April, we think you would find it more pleasant to stay in Spiez. You can make many excursions from there, both by train, motor coach and lake steamer, to Adelboden, the Niesen, Griesalp, Zweisimmen, Thun, Gunten, Interlaken, Grindelwald, Lauterbrunnen and Mürren.

S., Northumberland (Spain).—We advise you to book your return ticket to San Sebastian in London as you will then be able to take advantage of the thirty-day holiday tickets issued by the Southern Railway. On one of these tickets the return second-class fare from London to Hendaye, the frontier station, would be £9 7s., via Newhaven-Dieppe. You would then book on from Hendaye to San Sebastian, this journey costing only a shilling or so. There are two day trains from Paris to San Sebastian, one leaving the Quai d'Orsay Station at 8.40 a.m., arriving in San Sebastian at 8.57 p.m., and the other leaving the Quai d'Orsay at 11.30 a.m. arriving at 8.57 p.m. also. The latter train, however, is the Sud Express, passengers by this train having to pay a supplement of £2 5s., so that for this extra expenditure you might as well travel by night and take a second-class sleeping berth. Hotel accommodation in San Sebastian is expensive during August, as it is the height of the season there. The Hotel Niza is small but good and reasonable in price, and is quite close to the beach, being in a street which runs parallel with the Promenade.

Portland, Surrey (Egypt).—The return fare to Port Said by Henderson Line from Liverpool, travelling out in November and returning in February would be £58, there being a sailing every other Friday. It is possible that a reduced fare will be quoted at a later date. The return tourist class fare by Orient Line steamer is £26 or £28. The *Ormonde*, which carries tourist class passengers only, leaves London on December 7, arriving at Port Said on December 18. There are some good shops in Cairo, but prices are higher than in England. A good pension in Cairo is Cromer House, 32 Sharia Soliman Pasha, where charges are about £18 per month. During December, January, and February you will find the days warm and sunny with mean temperatures of from 53° to 60° Fah., January being the coolest month. The evenings however, particularly in January turn very cool, and it is wise to take a warm wrap for evening wear.

P., Notts. (Sidmouth).—You would like the Belmont Hotel at Sidmouth which occupies a very pleasant position on the sea front. There is an 18-hole golf course at Sidmouth, while there is plenty of scope for walking on the cliffs outside the town. The monthly return 3rd class fare from London is 28s.

(Continued at bottom of third column)

AT THE SERVICE OF OUR READERS

"The Sphere's" Bureau of Travel Information

The Editor begs to remind his readers that the services of "The Sphere's" Travel Bureau are fully at their disposal. Enquiries addressed Travel Bureau, Offices of "The Sphere," 346, Strand, W.C.2, will be promptly answered

CONTINENTAL HOTELS

AUSTRIA.

Badgastein.—"Der Kaiserhof."—The hotel of distinction. comfort, perfect service. Unrivalled position in own vast park.

Salzburg.—Grand Hotel de l'Europe.—The leading Hotel situated in its own extensive Park. Every comfort.

BELGIUM.

Antwerp.—Grand Hotel de Londres.—Best position in town. Highest service at reasonable rates. Tels.: Lonhotel, Anvers.

Knocke-Zoute.—Palace Hotel.—Facing sea and bathing. Moderate terms. Near Casino. Golf. Tennis. Tel. Address—Palace, Knocke.

GERMANY.

Berlin.—Hotel Alhambra.—Best quiet position at 68 Kurfürstendamm. Each room private bath, wireless, telephone. From RM. 8.

Baden-Baden.—Holland Hotel.—150 beds. Large park. Close Casino. Pension terms M.11 upwards. Personal management: H. A. Rössler.

Bad-Nauheim.—The Carlton.—Old estab., comfortable, thoroughly up-to-date, exceptional position by park, 20yards from Baths.

Bad Nauheim.—"Der Kaiserhof."—First-class Hotel. Lge. garden fcg. baths & Kurpark. 150 rooms, 50 bathrooms. Pension from RM. 11.

Bad Nauheim.—Palast Hotel.—First class in every way. Facing Baths and Kurpark. Pension from RM. 10.

Cologne.—Hotel Comoedienhof.—Dignified hotel with all comft. Nr. Cathedral. Rooms fr. RM.4, with p.b. fr. RM.8. Man. A. Grieshaber.

Dresden.—Hotel Bellevue.—The ldg. Hotel. Unique pos. on river. Grdn.-Pk. Terraces. Red. rates. Grge. Man. Dir. R. Bretschneider.

Düsseldorf.-Breidenbacher Hof.-Ldg. htl. Rm. fr. RM. 5, with bath fr. RM. 9. Amer. Bar. Orch. Gar. New Rest. "Breidenbacher Grill."

Garmisch (Bavarian Alps. Sonnenbichl). —Golf Hotel.—Facing the Zugspitze. First-class family hotel. Excellent cuisine.

Garmisch. Bavarian Alps.—Hotel Neu-Werdenfels.—First-class home comfort combined with excellent cuisine and service.

Hamburg.—Hotel Atlantic.—On the Alster basin. Two minutes from the main station. Excellent Grill and Bar in new style.

Heidelberg.—Hotel Europe.—First class. Quiet location in old park. Rooms from RM.5.

GERMANY—*continued.*

Leipzig.—Hotel Astoria.—The latest & most perf. htl-bldng. Select home of Internat. Socty. & Arist'cy. Man. by M. Hartung, Coun. of Com.

Mannheim.—Palace Hotel Mannheimer Hof.—Latest Creation of European Hotel Technique. Mod. rates. 20 mins. drive fr. Heidelberg.

Munich.—Grand Hotel Continental.—First-class throughout, in quiet location. Moderate terms. Garage.

Stuttgart.—Hotel Graf Zeppelin.—Facing Main Station. The most up-to-date Hotel in South Germany.

Stuttgart.—Hotel Viktoria.—Most distinguished world-wide known house. Seasonable terms.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Schwarzer Bock.—1st-class family hotel. 300 beds. Medical bath in Hotel. Golf. Tennis. Garage. Pen. fr. Mk. 8.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Rose.—World-renowned Hotel, own bathing establishment. Patronised by H.R.H. Prince of Wales. Pen. fr. Marks 11.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Nassauer Hof.—Wld.-rend. Finest pos. op. Pk. & Opera. Wiesbaden Springs. Pat. best Brit. Soc. Pens. fr. Mks.12.

Wiesbaden.—Palast Hotel.—First-class Hotel, opposite Kochbrunnen. Every possible comfort. Own bath-estab. Pens. from RM.10.

SWITZERLAND.

Gunten.—Park Hotel.—Full south on lake front. First-class family hotel. Bathing. Tennis. Golf. Pension S. Frs. 13 up.

Lausanne.—Belvedere Hotel.—Best position. first-class cuisine, diet. Weekly terms, all inclusive, from £5.0.0.

Lausanne-Palace-Beau-Site.—First-class at reasonable rates. Excellent cuisine. Nicest position. Park. Garage. Priv. Tennis. Golf.

Lucerne.—Hotel Du Lac.—Rooms from Frs. 6. First class. Pension from Frs. 14.50. Always open.

Montreux.-Hotel Continental.—On lake. 1st-cl. Up-to-date. An ideal home in a charming posn. Park. Gar. New Rates. (Prop. W. Deig.)

Wengen.—Palace Hotel.—"The best of the best." Tenn., Bathg., Mountaineering, Dancg. Inclus. terms from Frs. 16—Fritz Borter, Propr.

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Bath.—Grand Pump Room Hotel. Tel. 3266.
Bexhill-on-Sea.—Granville Hotel. Tel. 1437.
Bournemouth.—Canford Cliffs Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Bourne Hall Hotel. Tel. 5.
Bournemouth.—Crag Hall Private Hotel.
Brighton.—Royal Crescent Hotel. Tel. 4171.
Buxton.—Haddon Hall Hydro.
Church Stretton.—Longmynd Hotel.
Cromer (near).—Overstrand. Tel. O'strand 29.
Devon (North) Saunton.—Saunton Sands Hotel.
Eastbourne.—Hydro Hotel, 1st cl., 3 acres grnds.
Exeter.—Royal Clarence Hotel.
Exmouth.—Imperial Hotel.
Harrogate.—The Cairn Hydro. Tel. 4005.
Hastings.—Queen's Hotel. Tel. 201.
Hastings.—Albany Hotel.
Ilfracombe.—Ilfracombe Hotel. Telephone 20
Keswick.—Borrowdale Hotel.
Leamington Spa.—Manor House Hotel.
Leamington Spa.—Regent Hotel.
Littlehampton.—Southlands Private Hotel.
Llandrindod Wells.—Rock Park Hotel. Tel. 2.
Paignton.—Redcliffe Hotel.
St. Leonards.—Adelphi Hotel. 100 rms. Garage.
Sidmouth.—Victoria Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Fortfield Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Torbay View Private Hotel.
Shaldon, Teignmouth.—Dunmore Hotel.
Torquay.—Grand Hotel.
Torquay.—Hydro Hotel, Daddyhole Plain.
Torquay.—Imperial Hotel.
Torquay.—Palm Court Hotel.
Tunbridge Wells.—Spa Hotel. Tel. 1912.
Weston-super-Mare.—Royal Hotel. Sea front.
Whitby.—Royal Hotel.

LONDON

De Vere Hotel, S.W.7. West 0051.
The Stafford Hotel, St. James's, S.W.1.

SCOTLAND

Ballater.—Deeside-Cambus O'May Hotel.
Edinburgh.—The Alison Hotel, Melville Crescent
Oban.—Marine Hotel, Esplanade. Apply tariff.

NORTHERN IRELAND

Belfast.—Grand Central Hotel.
Rostrevor (Co. Down),—Great N. (Rly.) Hotel.

IRISH FREE STATE

Glendalough, Co. Wicklow.—Royal Hotel.
Greystones, Co. Wicklow.—Grand Hotel.

TRAVEL NOTES of the WEEK

(continued)

D., Lincs. (Cruise).—The *Atlantis* of the Royal Mail Line leaves Southampton on September 28 for an 18-days' cruise to Italy, Dalmatia, and Algeria, the fare ranging from 30 guineas. A somewhat longer cruise is that of the *Arandora Star* of the Blue Star Line, which leaves Southampton on October 12 for a 30-days' cruise to Italy, Egypt, Palestine, and Greece, the fare ranging from 55 guineas. It is usual to distribute 10 per cent. of the fare among the staff in tips, though most people augment the amount, particularly if one requires much extra service from the cabin steward or stewardess, or dining-saloon steward.

P., London (Australia and New Zealand).—The return 1st-class fare by Orient Line to Australia is £140, providing one makes the round trip on the one boat. The return voyage takes three months, the ports of call including Gibraltar, Palma, Toulon, Naples, Port Said, Aden, Colombo, and the capitals of five or six Australian States. If you travel by the *Oronsay*, leaving London on November 10 you would have an opportunity of visiting New Zealand, as both this boat, and the *Otranto* which leaves on December 22 will make a cruise to Auckland and Wellington on arrival in Australia.

Hints to Travellers

ACCOMMODATION IN BRUSSELS.

The general management of the Universal and International Exhibition of Brussels inform us that the rumours which are circulating to the effect that it is practically impossible to find suitable lodgings in Brussels owing to the extraordinary success of the Exhibition there, are groundless. On application to the Official Services of Lodgings of the Exhibition in the Place Rogier opposite the North Station, or to their office in the Place de la Constitution opposite the Midi Station, visitors to Brussels will be offered plenty of choice of accommodation in family pensions and private houses at a rate of 27 Belgian francs per night for one person, and 40 francs per night for two people. More simple accommodation can be had for 18 francs per night.

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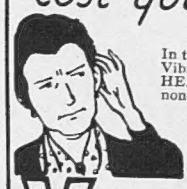

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"SUSANNAH THE SECOND": *by H. T. W. Bousfield.*
"EAST END PRINCE": *by Hannen Swaffer.*
"TOUGH VOYAGE": *by Arthur Mills.*
HOW TIMES DO CHANGE. *No. 8. Holidays.*
"SHAPE OF ARMAGEDDON": *by C. Patrick Thompson.*
THE FRENCH SPILSBURY: *by Ferdinand Tuohy.*
HOLLYWOOD REDISCOVERED: *by Margaret Chute.*
WHAT IS INDIA?: *by Negley Farson.*
AN ODYSSEY OF SPORT: *No. 6: by Ben Bennison.*
HOME PROBLEMS SOLVED: *by Winifred Lewis.*
CHINA FOR DECORATION: *Some uses for old china.*
HOT-WEATHER DRINKS: *by A. H. Adair.*
MOTORING SECTION: *Conducted by The Earl of Cardigan.*
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